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THE  
COMPLAINT:

OR,

Right-Thoughts

ON

Life, Death, & Immortality.





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The FIFTH EDITION.

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*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*;  
And Sold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

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M.DCC.XLIII.

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Printed by W. B. Whittaker, 21, St. John's Street, London.

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MDCCLXXXIII.



# PREFACE.



*S the Occasion of this Poem was Real, not Fictitious ; so the Method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the Author's Mind, on that Occasion, than meditated, or designed. Which will appear very probable from the Nature of it. For it differs from the common Mode of Poetry, which*



*is from long Narrations to draw short Morals. Here, on the contrary, the Narrative is short, and the Morality arising from it makes the Bulk of the Poem. The Reason of it is, That the Facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral Reflections on the Thought of the Writer.*

*It is evident from the First Night, where three Deaths are mentioned, that the Plan is not yet compleated; for two only of those three have yet been sung. But since the Fourth Night finishes one principal and important Theme,*

*Theme, naturally arising from all Three, viz. the Subduing our Fear of DEATH, it will be a proper Pausing-place for the Reader, and the Writer too. And it is uncertain, whether Providence, or Inclination, will permit him to go any farther.*

*I say, Inclination ; for This Thing was entered on purely as a Refuge under Uneasiness, when more proper Studies wanted sufficient Relish to detain the Writer's Attention to them. And that Reason (thanks be to Heaven) ceasing, the Writer has no farther Occa-*  

*A 4**sion,*



*tion, I shou'd rather say Excuse,  
for giving in, so much to the A-  
musements, amid the Duties, of  
Life.*



THE



NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

Life, Death, & Immortality.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq;*

SPEAKER of the House of COMMONS.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

OR

LIFE, DEATH, & IMMORTALITY.

HUMPHRY JACKSON,

TO THE REVEREND FATHERS OF THE

ARTHER O'NEILL, ESQ.

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.



# COMPLAINT.

## NIGHT the FIRST.



SIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he  
forlakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from Woe,

And lights on lids unfully'd with a Tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd Repose,

I wake: How happy they who wake no more!

Yet that were vain, if Dreams infest the Grave.

I wake, emerging from a sea of Dreams

Tumul-



Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought  
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* Misery,  
At random drove, her helm of Reason lost;  
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only Change of pain,  
A bitter change; severer for severe:  
The *Day* too short for my Distress! and *Night*  
Even in the *Zenith* of her dark Domain,  
Is Sunshine, to the colour of my Fate.

*Night*, fable Goddess! from her *Ebon* throne,  
In rayless Majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden Scepter o'er a slumbering world:  
Silence, how dead? and Darkness how profound?  
Nor Eye, nor list'ning Ear an Object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general Pulse  
Of Life stood still, and Nature made a Pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her End.  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;  
Fate! drop the Curtain; I can lose no more.

*Silence,*

*Silence*, and *Darkness*! solemn Sisters! Twins  
From antient *Night*, who nurse the tender Thought  
To *Reason*, and on Reason build *Resolve*,  
(That column of true Majesty in man)  
Assist me: I will thank you in the Grave;  
The grave, your Kingdom: *There* this frame shall fall  
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.  
But what are Ye? *Thou*, who didst put to flight  
Primæval *Silence*, when the Morning-Stars  
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising Ball;  
O thou! whose Word from solid *Darkness* struck  
That spark, the Sun; strike Wisdom from my soul;  
My soul which flies to thee, her Trust, her Treasure:  
As misers to their Gold, while others rest.

Thro' this Opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,  
This double Night, transmit one pitying ray,  
To lighten, and to cheer: O lead my Mind,  
(A Mind that fain would wander from its Woe,)

Lead



Lead it thro' various scenes of *Life* and *Death*;  
And from each scene, the noblest Truths inspire:  
Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;  
Teach my best Reason, Reason; my best Will  
Teach Rectitude; and fix my firm Resolve  
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long Arrear.  
Nor let the vial of thy Vengeance pour'd  
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The Bell strikes *One*: We take no note of Time,  
But from its Loss. To give it then a Tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an Angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn Sound. If heard aright,  
It is the *Knell* of my departed Hours;  
Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood:  
It is the *Signal* that demands Dispatch;  
How Much is to be done? my Hopes and Fears  
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow Verge  
Look down-----on what? a fathomless Abyss;



A dread Eternity ! how surely *mine* !

And can Eternity belong to me,

Poor Pensioner on the bounties of an Hour ?

How poor ? how rich ? how abject ? how august ?

How complicate ? how wonderful is man ?

How passing wonder He, who made him such ?

Who center'd in our make such strange Extremes ?

From different Natures, marvelously mixt,

*Connection* exquisite of distant Worlds !

Distinguisht *Link* in Being's endless Chain !

*Midway* from *Nothing* to the *Deity* !

A Beam ethereal fully'd, and absorpt !

Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still Divine !

Dim Miniature of Greatness absolute !

An Heir of Glory ! a frail Child of Dust !

*Helpless* Immortal ! Insect *infinite* !

A Worm ! a God ! I tremble at myself,

And in my self am lost ! At home a Stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,  
And wond'ring at her *own*: How Reason reels?  
O what a Miracle to man is Man,  
Triumphantly distress'd? what Joy, what Dread?  
Alternately transported and alarm'd!  
What can preserve my Life? or what destroy?  
An Angel's arm can't snatch me from the Grave;  
Legions of Angels can't confine me There.

'Tis past Conjecture; all things rise in proof:  
While o'er my limbs *Sleep's* soft dominion spread,  
What, tho' my Soul phantastic Measures trod,  
O'er Fairy Fields; or mourn'd along the gloom  
Of pathless Woods: or down the craggy Steep  
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled Pool;  
Or scal'd the Cliff; or danc'd on hollow Winds,  
With antic Shapes, wild Natives of the Brain?  
Her ceaseless Flight, tho' devious, speaks her Nature  
Of subtler Essence than the trodden Clod;



Active, ærial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
Unfetter'd with her gross Companion's fall :  
Ev'n silent Night proclaims my Soul immortal :  
Ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal Day :  
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events,  
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain Dreams in vain.

Why then *their* Loss deplore, that are not lost ?  
Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around,  
In infidel Distress ? Are *Angels* there ?  
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, Etherial fire ?  
They live ! they greatly live a life on earth  
Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye  
Of Tendernefs, let heav'nly pity fall  
On me, more justly number'd with the Dead :  
*This* is the Defart, *this* the Solitude :  
How populous ? how vital, is the Grave ?  
*This* is Creation's melancholy Vault,  
The Vale funereal, the sad *Cypress* gloom ;

The



The land of Apparitions, empty Shades :  
All, all on earth is *Shadow*, all beyond  
Is *Substance* ; the reverse is Folly's *creed* :  
How solid all, where Change shall be no more?

*This* is the bud of Being, the dim Dawn,  
The twilight of our Day, the Vestibule,  
*Life's* Theater as yet is shut, and Death,  
Strong Death alone can heave the massy Bar,  
This gross impediment of Clay remove,  
And make us Embryos of Existence free.  
From *real* life, but little more remote  
Is *He*, not yet a candidate for Light,  
The *future* Embryo, slumbering in his Sire.  
Embryos we must be, till we burst the Shell,  
Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to Life,  
The life Gods : O Transport! and of Man.

Yet

Yet man, fool man! here burys all his Thoughts;  
Inters celestial Hopes without one Sigh :  
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,  
*Here* pinions all his Wishes ; wing'd by Heaven  
To fly at Infinite ; and reach it there,  
Where *Seraphs* gather Immortality,  
On life's fair Tree, fast by the throne of God :  
What golden Joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,  
In *His* full beam, and ripen for the Just,  
Where momentary Ages are no more ?  
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire ?  
And is it in the Flight of threescore years,  
To push Eternity from human Thought,  
And smother souls immortal in the Dust ?  
A soul immortal, spending all her Fires,  
Wasting her strength in strenuous Idleness,  
Thrown into Tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
At ought this scene can threaten, or indulge,



Resembles *Ocean* into Tempest wrought,  
To waft a Feather, or to drown a Fly.

Where falls this Censure? It o'erwhelms myself.  
How was my Heart encrusted by the World?  
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling Soul?  
How, like a Worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In filken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,  
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft conceit of endless Comfort *here*,  
Nor yet put forth her Wings to reach the skies?

Night-visions may befriend, (as sung above)  
Our waking Dreams are fatal: How I dreamt  
Of things Impossible? (could Sleep do more?)  
Of Joys perpetual in perpetual Change?  
Of stable Pleasures on the tossing Wave?  
Eternal Sunshine in the Storms of life?  
How richly were my noon-tide Trances hung

With



With gorgeous Tapestries of pictur'd joys?  
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
Till at Death's Toll, whose restless Iron tongue  
Calls daily for his Millions at a meal,  
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
Where now my Frenzy's pompous Furniture?  
The *cobweb'd* Cottage with its ragged wall  
Of mould'ring mud, is *Royalty* to me!  
The *Spider's* most attenuated Thread  
Is Cord, is Cable, to man's tender Tie  
On earthly Bliss; it breaks at every Breeze.

O ye blest scenes of *permanent* Delight!  
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!  
A *Perpetuity* of Bliss, is Bliss.  
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an End,  
That ghastly Thought would drink up all your Joy,  
And quite unparadise the realms of Light.  
Safe are you lodg'd above these rowling Spheres;

The baleful influence of whose giddy Dance,  
Sheds sad Vicissitude on all beneath.

*Here* teems with Revolutions every Hour ;  
And rarely for the better ; or the best,  
More mortal than the common births of Fate,  
Each *Moment* has its Sickle, emulous  
Of *Time's* enormous Scythe, whose ample Sweep  
Strikes Empires from the root ; each *Moment* plays  
His little Weapon in the narrower sphere  
Of sweet domestic Comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sublunary Bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary Bliss ! proud words ! and vain :  
Implicit Treason to divine Decree !  
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven !  
I clasp'd the Phantoms, and I found them Air.  
O had I weigh'd it e'er my fond Embrace !  
What darts of Agony had miss'd my heart ?  
Death ! Great Proprietor of all ! 'tis thine

To



To tread out Empire, and to quench the Stars;  
The Sun himself by thy permission shines;  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy *partial* Quiver on a Mark so mean?  
Why, thy *peculiar* Rancor wreck'd on me?  
Infatiate Archer! could not *One* suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;  
And thrice, e'er thrice yon Moon had fill'd her Horn:  
O *Cynthia*! why so pale? Dost thou lament  
Thy wretched Neighbour? Grieve, to see thy Wheel  
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human Life?  
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss? from *Fortune's*  
Precarious Courtesy! not *Virtue's* sure, <sup>smile,</sup>  
Self-given, *solar*, ray of sound Delight.

In every vary'd Posture, Place, and Hour,  
How widow'd every Thought of every Joy?  
Thought, busy Thought! too busy for my Peace!



Thro' the dark Postern of Time long elaps'd,  
Led softly, by the stillness of the Night,  
Led, like a Murderer, (and such it proves !)  
Strays, wretched Rover ! o'er the pleasing *Past* ;  
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;  
And finds all Desert *now* ; and meets the Ghosts  
Of my departed Joys, a numerous Train !  
I rue the Riches of my former Fate ;  
Sweet Comfort's blasted Clusters I lament ;  
I tremble at the Blessings once so dear ;  
And every Pleasure pains me to the Heart.  
Yet why *complain*? or why complain for One!  
Hangs out the Sun his Lustre but for me?  
The single Man? are Angels all beside?  
I mourn for Millions: 'tis the common Lot ;  
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd  
The Mother's throes on all of woman born,  
Not more the Children, than sure Heirs of *Pain*.

War,

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,  
Intestine Broils, *Oppression*, with her heart  
Wrapt up in tripple Brass, besiege mankind :  
God's Image, disinherited of Day,  
*Here*, plung'd in Mines, forgets a Sun was made ;  
*There*, Beings deathless as their haughty Lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling Oar for life ;  
And plough the Winter's wave, and reap Despair :  
*Some*, for hard Masters, broken under Arms,  
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their Valour sav'd,  
If so the Tyrant, or his Minion, doom :  
*Want*, and incurable *Disease*, (fell Pair !)  
On hopeless Multitudes remorseless seize  
At once ; and make a Refuge of the Grave :  
How groaning *Hospitals* eject their Dead ?  
What numbers groan for sad Admission there ?  
What numbers once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,



Sollicit the cold hand of Charity?  
To shock us more, solicit it in vain?  
Ye silken Sons of Pleasure! since in Pains  
You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,  
And breathe from your Debauch: *Give*, and reduce  
*Surfeit's* Dominion o'er you: but so great  
Your Impudence, you blush at what is Right!

Happy! did Sorrow seize on *such* alone:  
Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* save;  
Disease invades the chastest Temperance;  
And Punishment the Guiltless; and Alarm  
Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of Peace;  
Man's Caution often into Danger turns;  
And his Guard falling, crushes him to death.  
Not *Happiness* itself makes good her name;  
Our very Wishes give us not our wish;  
How distant oft the Thing we doat on most,  
From that for which we doat, Felicity?

The



The *smoothest* course of Nature has its Pains;  
And *truest* Friends, thro' error, wound our Rest;  
Without Misfortune, what Calamities?  
And what Hostilities, without a Foe?  
Nor are Foes wanting to the best on earth:  
But endless is the list of human Ills,  
And Sighs might sooner fail, than Cause to sigh.

A Part how small of the terraqueous Globe  
Is tenanted by man? the rest a *Waste*,  
Rocks, Desarts, frozen Seas, and burning Sands;  
Wild haunts of Monsters, Poisons, Stings, and Death:  
Such is Earth's melancholy Map! But far  
More sad! this Earth is a true Map of *Man*:  
So bounded are its haughty Lord's *Delights*  
To *Woe's* wide empire; where deep *Troubles* tofs;  
Loud *Sorrows* howl; envenom'd *Passions* bite;  
Ravenous *Calamities* our vitals seize;  
And threat'ning *Fate* wide-opens to devour.

What

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?  
 In Age, in Infancy, from other's aid  
 Is all our Hope; to teach us to be *kind*.  
*That*, Nature's *first*, *last* Lesson to mankind:  
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;  
 More generous Sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,  
 And conscious Virtue mitigates the Pang.  
 Nor Virtue, more than *Prudence*, bids me give  
 Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,  
 They weaken too, the Torrent of their grief.  
 Take then, O World! thy much-indebted Tear;  
 How sad a Sight is human Happiness,  
 To those whose Thought can pierce beyond an Hour?  
 O thou! whate'er thou art, whose Heart exults!  
 Would'st thou I should congratulate thy Fate?  
 I know thou would'st; thy Pride demands it from  
 Let thy Pride pardon, what thy Nature needs,<sup>me.</sup>  
 The salutary Censure of a friend:



Thou happy *Wretch*! by Blindness art thou blest;  
By Doatage dandled to perpetual Smiles:  
Know, *Smiler*! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
Thy Pleasure is the promise of thy Pain,  
*Misfortune*, like a Creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her Delay;  
She makes a scourge of past Prosperity,  
To sting thee more, and double thy Distress.

*Lorenzo*, Fortune makes her court to thee,  
Thy fond Heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.  
Dear is thy Welfare; think me not unkind;  
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:  
Think not that *Fear* is sacred to the Storm;  
Stand on thy guard against the *Smiles* of Fate.  
Is Heaven tremendous in its Frown? most sure:  
And in its Favours formidable too;  
Its favours here are Tryals, not Rewards;  
A call to Duty, not discharge from Care;

And

And should alarm us, full as much as Woes ;  
 Awake us to their *Cause*, and *Consequence* ;  
 O'er our scan'd Conduct give a jealous Eye ;  
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our Desert ;  
 Awe Nature's Tumult, and chastise her Joys,  
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay invert  
 To worse than *simple* misery, their Charms :  
 Revolted Joys, like foes in civil war,  
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,  
 With rage envenom'd rise against our Peace.  
 Beware what Earth calls Happiness ; beware  
 All joys, but joys that never can expire :  
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* Base,  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to Death.

Mine dy'd with thee, *Philander* ! thy last Sigh  
 Dissolv'd the charm ; the disenchant'd Earth  
 Lost all her Lustre : where, her glittering Towers ?  
 Her golden Mountains, where ? all darken'd down

To



To naked Waste ; a dreary Vale of Tears :  
The great Magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale Piece  
Of out-cast earth, in Darkness ! what a Change  
From yesterday ! Thy darling Hope so near,  
(Long-labour'd Prize ! ) O how Ambition flush'd  
Thy glowing cheek ? Ambition truly great,  
Of virtuous Praise : Death's subtle seed within,  
(Sly, treacherous Miner ! ) working in the Dark,  
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd  
The Worm to riot on that Rose so red,  
Unfaded e'er it fell ; one moment's Prey !

Man's Foresight is *conditionally* wise ;  
*Lorenzo* ! Wisdom into Folly turns  
Oft, the first instant, its Idea fair  
To labouring Thought is born. How dim our eye !  
The *present* Moment terminates our sight :  
Clouds, thick as those on Doomsday, drown the *next* ;  
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.

*Time*

*Time* is dealt out by Particles ; and each,  
E'er mingled with the streaming sands of Life,  
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn  
Deep silence, " Where Eternity begins."

By Nature's Law, what may be, may be *now*;  
There's no Prerogative in human Hours :  
In human hearts what bolder Thought can rise,  
Than man's Presumption on To-morrow's dawn ?  
Where is To-morrow ? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain ; the Reverse  
Is sure to none ; and yet on this *perhaps*,  
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,  
As on a rock of Adamant we build  
Our mountain Hopes : spin out eternal schemes,  
As we the Fatal Sisters cou'd out-spin,  
And, big with life's Futurities, expire.

Not



Not even *Philander* had bespoke his Shroud ;  
Nor had He cause, a Warning was deny'd ;  
How Many fall as sudden, not as safe ?  
As sudden, tho' for Years admonisht home :  
Of human Ills the last Extreme beware,  
Beware, *Lorenzo* ! a slow-sudden Death.  
How dreadful that deliberate Surprise ?  
Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;  
Next day the fatal Precedent will plead ;  
Thus on, till Wisdom is push'd out of life :  
*Procrastination* is the Thief of Time,  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a Moment leaves  
The vast Concerns of an Eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not This be strange ?  
That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of Man's miraculous Mistakes, this bears  
 The Palm, "That all Men are about to live."  
 For ever on the Brink of being born:  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They, one day, shall not drivel; and their Pride  
 On this Reversion takes up ready Praise;  
 At least, their own; their future selves applauds;  
 How excellent that Life they *ne'er* will lead?  
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* Vails;  
 That lodg'd in *Fate's*, to *Wisdom* they consign;  
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;  
 'Tis not in *Folly*, not to scorn a Fool;  
 And scarce in human *Wisdom* to do more.  
 All *Promise* is poor dilatory man,  
 And that thro' every Stage: When young, indeed,  
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our Fathers were more Wise,

At



At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a Fool;  
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his Plan;  
At *fifty* chides his infamous Delay,  
Pushes his prudent Purpose to *Resolve*;  
In all the magnanimity of Thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself Immortal:  
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate  
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden Dread;  
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded Air,  
Soon close, where past the shaft, no Trace is found:  
As, from the *Wing* no scar the Sky retains;  
The parted Wave no furrow from the *Keel*;  
So dies in human hearts the Thought of Death:  
Even with the tender Tear which Nature sheds  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their Grave.  
Can I forget *Philander*? That were strange;

C

O my

At

O my full Heart!---But should I give it vent,  
 The longest Night, tho' longer far, would fail,  
 And the *Lark* listen to my *midnight* Song.

The sprightly *Lark's* shrill Mattin wakes the Morn;  
 Grief's sharpest Thorn hard-pressing on my Breast,  
 I strive, with wakeful Melody, to chear  
 The sullen Gloom, sweet *Philomel!* like Thee,  
 And call the Stars to listen: Every star  
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy Lay.

Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excell,  
 And charm thro' distant Ages: Wrapt in Shade,  
 Prisoner of Darkness! to the silent *Hours*,  
 How often I repeat their Rage divine,  
 To lull my Griefs, and steal my heart from Woe?  
 I rowl their Raptures, but not catch their Flame:  
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee *Mæonides!*  
 Or *Milton!* thee; ah cou'd I reach your Strain!  
 Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our Own.

Man



*Man* too he sung : *Immortal* man I sing ;  
Oft bursts my Song beyond the bounds of Life ;  
What, *now*, but Immortality can please ?  
O had *He* press'd his Theme, pursued the track,  
Which opens out of Darkness into Day !  
O had he mounted on his wing of Fire,  
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung *Immortal* man !  
How had it blest mankind ? and rescued me ?



1000

On earths my heart beyond the bounds of life;

W. J. 1951. The influence of the environment on the development of the human brain.

O hadst thou greeted his Theme, pursued the track,

Which opens out of Darkness into Day.

O had he mounted on his wing of fire,

2000, when I first saw the manuscript.

1. How long is the field of view?



NIGHT THE SECOND.  
ON  
Time, Death, Friendship.

Humbly inscrib'd  
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
The Earl of WILMINGTON.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

Time, Death, Friendship.

By the Author

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF WILLINGTON.

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION ASKED BY HIS LORDSHIP

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 18, 1804.

BY THE AUTHOR, WHO HAS BEEN THE FORTUNE


OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND WHO HAS BEEN THE FORTUNE





THE  
COMPLAINT:

NIGHT the SECOND.

“HEN the *Cock* crew, he wept”---Smote  
by that Eye,  
Which looks on me, on All: That  
Pow’r, who bids  
*This* Midnight Centinel with Clarion  
shrill,  
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,  
Rouse Souls from Slumber, into Thoughts of *Heaven*  
Shall I too weep? Where then is Fortitude?  
And Fortitude abandon’d, where is Man?  
I know the terms on which he sees the Light;  
He that is born, is list’d: Life is War;

Eternal War with Woe : who bears it best,  
 Deserves it least.-----On *other* Themes I'll dwell.  
*Lorenzo* ! let me turn my thoughts on Thee,  
 And Thine, on Themes may profit ; profit there,  
 Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine  
 Of dear *Philander's* Dust. He, thus, tho' dead <sup>growth</sup>  
 May still befriend----What Themes ? *Time's won-*  
*drous Price,*  
*Death, Friendship, and Philander's final Scene.*  
 Themes meet for man ! and meet at ev'ry hour,  
 But most at This, at Midnight ever clad  
 In *Death's* own Sables ; silent as his Realms ;  
 And prone to weep ; profuse of dewy tears  
 O'er Nature, in her temporary Tomb.

So could I touch these Themes, as might obtain  
 Thine Ear ; nor leave thy Heart quite disengag'd,  
 The good Deed would delight me ; half-impress  
 On my dark Cloud an *Iris* ; and from Grief,  
 Call Glory.----Dost thou mourn *Philander's* fate ?



I know thou say'st it, says thy Life the same?  
He mourns the Dead, who lives as they desire.  
Where is that Thrift, that Avarice of TIME,  
(O glorious Avarice!) thought of Death inspires,  
As rumour'd robberies endear our Gold?  
O *Time*! than Gold more sacred; more a Load  
Than Lead, to Fools; and Fools reputed Wise.  
What *Moment* granted Man without account?  
What *Years* are squander'd, Wisdom's debt unpaid?  
Our Wealth in Days all due to *that* discharge.  
Haste, haste, He lies in wait, He's at the door,  
Insidious *Death*! should his strong hand arrest,  
No composition sets the Prisoner free.  
*Eternity's* inexorable chain  
Fast binds; and Vengeance claims the full Arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink? how late  
Life call'd for her last Refuge in Despair?  
That *Time* is mine, O *Mead*! to Thee I owe;

Fain

Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity* :  
But ill my Genius answers my Desire,  
My sickly Song is mortal, past thy Cure.  
Accept the Will ; It dies not with my strain.

For what calls *thy* Disease *Lorenzo* ? not  
For *Esculapian*, but for *Moral* Aid.  
Thou think'st it Folly to be wise too soon.  
*Youth* is not rich in *Time* ; it may be, poor :  
Part with *it* as with Money, sparing ; pay  
No Moment, but in Purchase of its worth :  
And what its Worth, ask Death-beds, they can tell.  
Part with it as with Life, reluctant ; big  
With holy Hope of nobler Time to come :  
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great *Mark*  
Of Men and Angels ; Virtue more divine.

Is this our Duty, Wisdom, Glory, Gain ?  
(These Heaven benign in vital Union binds)

And



And sport we like the Natives of the Bough,  
When vernal Suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns  
Man's great Demand: To trifle is to live:  
And is it then a Trifle, too, to die?---  
Thou say'st I *preach*, *Lorenzo*! 'Tis confest.  
What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?  
Who wants Amusement in the Flame of Battle?  
Is it not Treason, to the Soul immortal,  
Her Foes in Arms, Eternity the prize?  
Will Toys amuse, when Med'cines cannot cure?  
When Spirits ebb, when Life's enchanting Scenes  
Their Lustre lose, and lessen in our Sight,  
(As Lands, and Cities with their glitt'ring Spires,  
To the poor shatter'd Bark, by sudden Storm  
Thrown off to Sea, and soon to perish there)  
Will Toys amuse?---No: Thrones will then be Toys,  
And Earth and Skies seem Dust upon the Scale.

Redeem



Redeem we Time?-----its Loss we dearly buy:  
What pleads *Lorenzo* for his high-priz'd Sports?  
He pleads Time's numerous *Blanks*; he loudly pleads  
The straw-like *Trifles* on Life's common Stream.  
From whom those *Blanks* and *Trifles*, but from thee?  
No *Blank*, no *Trifle* Nature made, or meant.  
Virtue, or *purpos'd* Virtue still be Thine;  
*This* cancels thy Complaint at once; *This* leaves  
In *Act* no Trifle, and no *Blank* in Time.  
*This* greatens, fills, immortalizes All:  
*This*, the blest Art of turning all to Gold;  
*This*, the good Heart's prerogative to raise  
A royal tribute, from the poorest Hours.  
Immense Revenue! every Moment *Pays*.  
If nothing more than *Purpose* in thy power,  
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the Deed:  
Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; Angels could no more.

Our

Our outward Act, indeed, admits restraint ;  
 'Tis not in Things o'er Thought to domineer ;  
 Guard well thy Thought ; our Thoughts are heard  
 in Heaven.

On all-important *Time*, through every Age,  
 Tho' much, and warm, the Wise have urg'd ; the Man  
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an Hour.  
 " I've lost a Day"----The Prince who nobly cry'd,  
 Had been an Emperor without his Crown ;  
 Of *Rome* ? say, rather, Lord of human race ;  
 He spoke, as if deputed by Mankind.  
 So should all speak : so *Reason* speaks in All :  
 From the soft Whispers of that God in man,  
 Why fly to Folly, why to Frenzy fly,  
 For Rescue from the *Blessing* we possess ?  
*Time*, the Supreme !-----Time is Eternity ;  
 Pregnant with all Eternity can give ;  
 Pregnant with all, that makes Arch-angels smile :  
 Who murders Time, He crushes in the Birth  
 A Pow'r Ethereal, only *not* Ador'd.



Ah! how unjust to Nature, and Himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man?  
 Like Children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
 We censure Nature for a Span too short;  
 That Span too short; we tax as tedious too;  
 Torture Invention, all Expedients tire,  
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;  
 And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.  
*Art*, brainless *Art*! our furious Charioteer  
 (For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)  
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of Death;  
 Death, most our Dread; Death *thus* more dreadful  
 O what a Riddle of Absurdity? made;  
*Leisure* is Pain; takes off our Chariot-wheels,  
 How heavily we drag the Load of Life?  
 Blest *Leisure* is our Curse, like that of *Cain*  
 It makes us wander; wander earth around  
 To fly that Tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd

The



The world beneath, we groan beneath an Hour.  
We cry for Mercy to the next Amusement;  
The next Amusement mortgages our fields;  
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,  
From hateful *Time*, if Prisons set us free.  
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us Relief,  
We call him cruel; Years to Moments shrink,  
Ages to Years. The Telescope is turn'd:  
To man's false opticks (from his Folly false)  
*Time*, in advance, behind him hides his Wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with his Age;  
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen  
But his broad Pinions swifter than the Winds?  
And all Mankind, in Contradiction strong,  
Ruefull, aghast? cry out on his Career.

Leave to thy Foes these Errors, and these Ills;  
To Nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.  
Not short Heaven's Bounty, boundless our expence;

No

No Niggard, Nature ; Men are Prodigals.  
As bold *Alphonfus* threat'ned in his Pride,  
We throw away our Suns, as made for Sport,  
And not to light us, on our way to Scenes  
Whose Lustre turns *their* Lustre into Shade.  
We *waste*, not *use* our Time : we breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is Existence, us'd is Life :  
And *bare Existence*, Man, to *live* ordain'd,  
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.  
And why ? since *Time* was given for Use, not Waste,  
Enjoin'd to fly, with Tempest, Tide, and Stars,  
To keep his Speed, nor ever wait for Man ;  
*Time's* Use was doom'd a Pleasure ; Waste, a Pain ;  
That Man might *feel* his Error, if unseen ;  
And, feeling, fly to Labour for his Cure :  
Not, blundering, split on Idleness, for ease.  
Life's Cares are Comforts ; such by Heaven design'd ;  
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.  
Cares are Employments ; and without Employ

The



The Soul is on a Rack; the Rack of Rest,  
To Souls most adverse; Action all their Joy.

Here, then, the Riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;  
Then Time turns torment, when Man turns a Fool.  
We rave, we wrestle with *Great Nature's Plan*;  
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,  
Who thwart His Will, shall contradict their own.  
Hence our unnatural Quarrel with ourselves;  
Our Thoughts at Enmity; our bosom-broil;  
We push Time from us, and we wish Him back,  
Lavish of Lustrums, and yet fond of Life;  
*Life* we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and  
Body and Soul, like peevish Man and Wife,  
United jar, and yet are loath to part.  
Oh the dark days of Vanity! while Here,  
How Tasteless? and how Terrible, when gone?  
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;  
The Spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd,

D

And



And smiles an Angel ; or a Fury frowns.  
 Nor Death, nor Life delights us. If Time *past*,  
 And Time *possest*, both pain us, what can please ?  
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time *us'd*. The Man who consecrates his Hours  
 By vigorous Effort, and an honest Aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of Life and Death :  
 He *walks with Nature* ; and her Paths are Peace.

Our Error's Cause, and Cure are seen : See next  
 Time's *Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed* ;  
 And thy great *Gain* from urging his Career.----  
 All-sensual Man, because untouch'd, unseen,  
 He looks on *Time*, as nothing. Nothing else  
 Is truly Man's ; 'tis Fortune's.----Time's a God.  
*Thou* hast ne'er heard of *Time's* Omnipotence ;  
*For*, or *against*, what Wonders can He do ?  
 And *will* : To stand blank *Neuter* He disdains.  
 Not on *those terms* was *Time*, (Heaven's Stranger !)  
 On his important Embassy to Man. <sup>sent</sup>

*Lorenzo* ! no : On the long-destin'd Hour,  
From everlasting Ages growing ripe,  
That memorable Hour of wond'rous Birth,  
When the Dread Sire, on Emanation bent,  
And big with Nature, rising in his Might,  
Call'd forth Creation, (for then *Time* was born)  
By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand Worlds ;  
Not on *those Terms*, from the great days of Heaven,  
From old Eternity's mysterious Orb,  
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the Skies ;  
The Skies, which watch him in his new abode,  
Measuring his Motions by revolving Spheres ;  
That Horologe Machinery Divine.  
Hours, Days, and Months, and Years, his Children, play,  
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies :  
Or, rather, as unequal Plumes, they shape  
His ample Pinions, swift as darted Flame,  
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient Rest,  
And join anew *Eternity* his Sire ;

In his *Immutability* to nest,  
 When Worlds, that count his Circles *now*, unhing'd  
 (Fate the loud signal founding) headlong rush  
 To timeless Night, and Chaos, whence they rose:  
 Why spur the speedy? why with Levities  
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?  
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?  
 Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from Man: too soon  
 In sad Divorce this double Flight must end;  
 And then, where are we? where *Lorenzo*! then,  
 Thy Sports? thy Poms?---I grant thee, in a State  
 Not Unambitious; in the *ruffled* Shroud,  
 Thy *Parian* Tomb's *triumphant Arch* beneath.  
 Has *Death* his Fopperies? then well may *Life*  
 Put on her Plume, and in her Rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! Ye Lilies of our land!  
 Ye Lilies *Male*! who neither toil, nor spin,  
 (As Sister Lilies *might*) if not so wise

As



As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the Sight!  
Ye Delicate! who nothing can support,  
Yourself most insupportable! for whom  
The winter Rose must blow, the Sun put on  
A brighter Beam in *Leo*; silky-soft  
*Favonius* breathe still softer, or be chid;  
And Other worlds send Odours, Sauce, and Song,  
And Robes, and Notions, fram'd in foreign Looms!  
O ye *Lorenzos* of our Age! who deem  
One Moment unamused, a Misery  
Not made for feeble Man! who call aloud  
For every Bawble, drivell'd o'er by Sense;  
For Rattles, and Conceits of every cast,  
For Change of Follies, and Relays of Joy,  
To drag you Patient through the tedious length  
Of a short Winter's *Day*; say, Sages! say,  
Wit's Oracles! say, Dreamers of gay Dreams!  
How will you weather an eternal *Night*,  
Where such Expedients fail?

O Treacherous Conscience! while she seems to sleep,  
On *Rose* and *Myrtle*, lull'd with Syren Song;  
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
On headlong *Appetite*, the slackned rein,  
And give us up to *Licence*, unrecall'd,  
Unmark't;----As from behind her secret stand,  
The sly Informer minutes every Fault,  
And her dread Diary with Horror fills:  
Not the gross *Act* alone employs her Pen;  
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,  
A watchful Foe! The formidable Spy,  
List'ning o'erhears the Whispers of our Camp;  
Our dawning Purposes of Heart explores,  
And steals our Embryos of Iniquity.  
As all-rapacious Usurers conceal  
Their Doomsday book from all-consuming Heirs;  
Thus, with Indulgence most severe, She treats  
Us, Spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;

Unnoted,

Unnoted, notes each Moment misapply'd ;  
In leaves more durable than leaves of Brass,  
Writes our whole History ; which *Death* shall read  
In every pale Delinquent's private Ear ;  
And *Judgment* publish ; Publish to more worlds  
Than this ; and endless Age in groans resound.  
*Lorenzo*, such that *Sleeper* in thy Breast !  
*Such* is her Slumber ; and her Vengeance *such*  
For slighted Counsel ; *such* thy future Peace !  
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon* ?

But why on *Time* so lavish is my Song ?  
On this great Theme kind *Nature* keeps a School,  
To teach her Sons Herself. Each Night we Dye,  
Each Morn are born anew ; Each Day, a Life !  
And shall we kill each Day ? If *Trifling* kills ;  
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain  
Cry out for Vengeance on us ? *Time* destroy'd  
Is *Suicide*, where more than Blood is spilt.



Time flies, Death urges, Knells call, Heaven invites,  
 Hell threatens ; All exerts ; in Effort, All ;  
 More than Creation labours !---Labours more ?  
 And is there in Creation, What, amidst  
 This Tumult Universal, wing'd Dispatch,  
 And ardent Energy, supinely yawns ?---  
*Man* sleeps ; and *Man* alone ; and *Man*, whose Fate,  
 Fate irreverfible, entire, extreme,  
 Endlefs, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the Gulph  
 A moment trembles ; drops : and *Man*, for whom  
 All elfe is in alarm : *Man*, the fole Caufe  
 Of this furrounding Storm ! and yet he fleeps,  
 As the Storm rock'd to reft.---Throw Years away ?  
 Throw Empires, and be blamelefs. Moments feize,  
 Heaven's on their Wing : a Moment we may wifh  
 When Worlds want Wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ftand  
 Bid him drive back his Carr, recall, retake <sup>ftill,</sup>  
 Fate's hafty prey ; Implore him, reimport  
 The Period paff ; regive the given Hour.

*Lorenzo,*

*Lorenzo*, more than Miracles we want :

*Lorenzo* ---- O for Yesterdays to come !

Such is the Language of the Man *awake* ;

His Ardor such, for what *oppresses* Thee :

And is his Ardor vain ? *Lorenzo* ! No :

That more than Miracle the Gods indulge :

*To-day* is *Yesterday* return'd ; return'd

Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,

And reinstate us on the Rock of Peace.

Let it not share its Predecessor's Fate ;

Nor, like its elder Sisters, die a Fool.

Shall it evaporate in Fume ? Fly off

Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?

Shall we be poorer for the Plenty pour'd ?

More wretched for the Clemencies of Heaven ?

Where shall I find Him ? Angels ! tell me where,

You know Him ; He is near you ; Point him out ;

I

Shall

Shall I see Glories beaming from his Brow ?  
Or trace his Footsteps by the rising Flow'rs ?  
Your golden Wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him shed  
Protection ; now, are waving in Applause  
To that blest Son of Foresight ! Lord of Fate !  
That awful Independent on *To-morrow* !  
Whose Work is done ; who triumphs in the *Past* ;  
Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a Smile ;  
Nor like the *Parthian* wound him as they fly ;  
That common, but opprobrious Lot ! Past Hours  
If not by Guilt, yet wound us by their Flight,  
If Folly bounds our Prospect by the Grave ;  
All feeling of Futurity benumb'd ;  
All God-like Passion for Eternals quencht ;  
All relish of Realities expir'd ;  
Renounc'd all Correspondence with the Skies ;  
Our Freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our Desire ;  
In Sense dark-prison'd All that ought to soar,  
Prone to the Center, crawling in the Dust ;

Dismounted



Dismounted every Great and Glorious Aim ;  
Embruted every Faculty divine ;  
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the World :  
The World, that Gulph of Souls, immortal Souls,  
Souls elevate, Angelick, wing'd with Fire  
To reach the distant Skies, and triumph there  
On Thrones, which shall not mourn their Masters  
Tho' We from Earth ; Etherial, They that fell,<sup>chang'd,</sup>  
Such Veneration due, O Man, to Man.

Who venerate themselves, the World despise.  
For what, gay Friend ! is this escutcheon'd World,  
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal Night ?  
A Night, that glooms us in the Noon-tide Ray,  
And wraps our Thought, at Banquets, in the Shroud.  
Life's little Stage is a small Eminence,  
Inch-high the Grave above ; that Home of Man,  
Where dwells the Multitude ; we gaze around,  
We read their Monuments ; we sigh ; and while

I

We

We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;  
Lamenting, or Lamented all our Lot!

Is Death at Distance? No: he has been on thee;  
And given sure Earnest of his final Blow.

Those Hours, which lately smil'd, where are they  
Pallid to Thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd <sup>now?</sup>  
In that great Deep, which nothing disembogues;  
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small Renown.

The Rest are on the Wing: how fleet their Flight!  
Already has the fatal Train took Fire;  
A Moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;  
The Sun is Darkness, and the Stars are Dust.

*Time* passes like a Post: we nothing send  
But poor *Bellerophon's* express; our Doom.  
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past Hours;  
And ask them, what report they bore to Heaven;  
And how they might have born more welcome  
Their Answers form what Men *Experience* call, <sup>News.</sup>

If

If *Wisdom's* Friend, her best ; if not, worst Foe.

O reconcile them ; kind *Experience* crys,

“ There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;

“ The more our Joy, the more we know it Vain ;

“ And by Success are tutor'd to Despair.”

Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so :

Who knows not this, tho' Grey, is still a Child.

Loose then from Earth the Grasp of fond Desire,

Weigh Anchor, and some happier Clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,

Nor give thy Thoughts a ply to future Scenes ?

Since, by *Life's* passing breath, blown up from Earth,

Light, as the Summer's dust, we take in Air

A Moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;

Join the dull Mass, increase the trodden Soil,

And sleep till Earth herself shall be no more ;

Since Then (as Emmets their small World o'er-  
thrown)

We, fore-amaz'd, from out Earth's Ruins crawl,

And

If



And rise to Fate extreme, of Foul or Fair,  
 As Man's own Choice, Controuler of the Skies!  
 As Man's despotick Will, perhaps one Hour,  
 (O how Omnipotent is Time?) decrees;  
 Should not each *Warning* give a strong Alarm?  
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn  
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead?  
 Should not each *Dial* strike us as we pass,  
 Portentous, as the *written Wall*, which struck,  
 O'er midnight Bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,  
 E'er while, high-flusht with Insolence, and Wine?  
 Like *That*, the *Dial* speaks; and points to thee  
*Lorenzo!* loath to break the Banquet up.  
 "O Man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;  
 "And while it lasts, is emptier than my Shade."  
 Its silent Language, such; nor needst thou call  
 Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.  
 Know; like the *Median*, Fate is in thy Walls:  
 Dost ask, *how? whence? Belshazzar-like* amaz'd?

Man's

Man's Make incloses the sure seeds of Death ;  
*Life* feeds the Murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives  
On her own Meal ; and then his Nurse Devours.

But, here, *Lorenzo*, the Delusion lies ;  
That *Solar shadow*, as it measures Life,  
It Life resembles too : Life speeds away  
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still :  
The cunning Fugitive is swift by stealth ;  
Too subtle is the Movement to be seen,  
Yet soon Man's Hour is up, and we are gone.  
*Warnings* point out our Danger, *Gnomons*, Time ;  
As *these* are useless when the Sun is set ;  
So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.  
*Reason* should judge in all : In Reason's eye,  
That Sedentary shadow travels hard :  
But such our Gravitation to the wrong,  
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,  
'Tis later with the Wise, than he's aware ;

A Wil-



A *Wilmington* goes slower than the Sun ;  
 And all mankind mistake their Time of Day ;  
 Even Age itself : Fresh Hopes are hourly sown  
 In furrow'd Brows. So gentle Life's Descent,  
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a Plain :  
 We take fair days in Winter, for the Spring :  
 We turn our Blessings into Bane ; since oft  
 Man must *compute* that Age He cannot *feel* ;  
 He scarce believes He's older for his Years.  
 Thus, at Life's latest Eve, we keep in Store  
 One Disappointment sure, to crown the Rest ;  
 The Disappointment of a promis'd Hour.

On *This*, or Similar, *Philander* ! Thou  
 Whose mind was Moral, as the Preacher's tongue ;  
 And strong, to wield all Science, worth the name ;  
 How often we talk'd down the Summer's Sun,  
 And cool'd our Passions by the breezy stream ?  
 How often thaw'd, and shortned Winter's Eve,

By



By Conflict kind, that struck out latent Truth ;  
 Best found, so fought ; to the *Recluse* more Coy ?  
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the Lip ;  
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,  
 Or kept to tie up Nonsense for a Song ;  
 Song, fashionably fruitless ! such as Stains  
 The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires ;  
 Chiming her Saints to *Cytherea's* Fane.

Know'st thou, *Lorenzo* ! what a Friend contains ?  
 As Bees mixt Nectar draw from fragrant Flow'rs,  
 So Men from FRIENDSHIP, Wisdom and Delight ;  
 Twins ty'd by Nature, if they part they die :  
 Hast thou no Friend to set thy mind abroad ?  
 Good Sense will Stagnate : Thoughts shut up want  
 Air,  
 And spoil, like Bales unopen'd to the Sun.

Had Thought been All, sweet Speech had been  
 Speech, Thought's Canal ! Speech, Thought's Crite-  
 deny'd ;  
 rion too.  
 E Thought,

Thought, in the Mine, may come forth Gold or  
 When coin'd in Word, we know its *real* worth.<sup>Dross;</sup>  
 If Sterling; store it for thy future Use;  
 'Twill buy thee Benefit; perhaps, Renown.  
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;  
 Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain  
 The Births of Intellect; when dumb, forgot.  
*Speech* ventilates our Intellectual fire;  
*Speech* burnishes our Mental Magazine:  
 Brightens for Ornament; and whets for Use:  
 What Numbers, sheath'd in Erudition lie,  
 Plung'd to the Hilts in venerable Tomes,  
 And rusted in; who might have born an Edge,  
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to Speech;  
 If born blest Heirs of half their Mother's tongue?  
 'Tis Thought's exchange, which like th' alternate  
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned Scum,<sup>Push</sup>  
 And defecates the Students standing Pool.

In

In *Contemplation* is his proud Resource ?  
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd ;  
Rude Thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* Field ;  
*Converse*, the Menage, breaks it to the Bit  
Of due Restraint ; and *Emulation's* Spur  
Gives graceful Energy, by Rivals aw'd.  
'Tis *Converse* qualifies for Solitude ;  
As Exercise, for Salutary Rest.  
By That untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves  
A Lunar Prince, or famish'd Beggar dies ;  
And *Nature's* Fool, by *Wisdom's* is outdone.

*Wisdom*, tho' richer than *Peruvian* Mines,  
And sweeter than the sweet Ambrosial Hive,  
What is she, but the means of *Happiness* ?  
*That* unobtain'd, than Folly more a Fool ;  
A melancholy Fool, without her Bells :  
*Friendship* the Means, and *Friendship* richly gives



The precious End, which makes our Wisdom wise.

*Nature* in Zeal for human Amity,

Denies, or damps an *undivided* Joy :

Joy is an Import ; Joy is an Exchange ;

Joy flies Monopolists, It calls for Two :

Rich fruit ! heaven-planted ! never pluckt by *One*.

Needful Auxiliars are our Friends, to give

To *social* man true relish of himself :

Full on ourselves descending in a Line

*Pleasure's* bright Beam, is feeble in delight ;

Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;

Reverberated Pleasures fire the Breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops

To visit Earth, One shrine the Goddess finds,

And One alone, to make her sweet amends

For absent Heaven,---the Bosom of a Friend ;

Where Heart meets Heart, reciprocally soft,

Each other's Pillow to repose divine.

Beware the Counterfeit ; In *Passion's* Flame

Hearts

Hearts melt ; but melt like Ice, soon harder froze.

True Love strikes root in *Reason* ; Passion's Foe :

*Virtue* alone entenders us for Life :

I wrong her much----entenders us for ever.

Of *Friendship*'s fairest fruits, the fruit most fair

Is *Virtue* kindling at a Rival Fire,

And, *emulously*, rapid in her Race,

O the soft Enmity ! Endearing Strife !

This carrys Friendship to her noon-tide Point,

And gives the Rivet of Eternity.

From *Friendship* which outlives my Former themes,  
Glorious Survivor of old *Time*, and *Death* !

From Friendship, thus, that Flow'r of Heavenly  
Seed,

The Wise extract Earth's most *Hyblean* Bliss,

Superior Wisdom, crown'd with smiling Joy ;

For Joy, from Friendship born, abounds in Smiles.

O Store it in the Soul's most Golden Cell !

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* Flower?  
*Abroad* They find, who cherish it, at *Home*.  
*Lorenzo* ! pardon what my Love extorts,  
An honest Love, and not afraid to frown.  
Tho' choice of Follies fasten on the *Great*,  
None clings more obstinate, than Fancy fond  
That sacred Friendship is their easy prey ;  
Caught by the Wasture of a Golden Lure ;  
Or Fascination of a high-born Smile.  
Their Smiles the *Great* and the *Coquet* throw out  
For Others Hearts ; Tenacious of their Own :  
And we no less of ours, when *such* the Bait,  
Ye fortune's Cofferers ! Ye powers of Wealth !  
You do your Rent-rolls most felonious wrong,  
By taking our Attachment to yourselves.  
Can Gold gain Friendship ? Impudence of Hope !  
As well meer Man an Angel might beget.  
Love, and Love only, is the Loan for Love.

*Lorenzo* !



*Lorenzo!* Pride repress; nor hope to find  
A Friend, but what has found a Friend in Thee.  
All like the Purchase, Few the price will pay;  
And this makes Friends such Miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a Theme)  
I shew thee Friendship Delicate, as Dear;  
Of tender Violations apt to die?  
*Reserve* will wound it; and *Distrust*, destroy.  
Deliberate on all things with thy Friend;  
But since Friends grow not thick on ev'ry Bough,  
Nor every Friend unrotten at the Core;  
First, on thy Friend, deliberate with Thyself:  
Pause, ponder, sift; not Eager in the Choice,  
Nor Jealous of the Chosen: Fixing, Fix:  
Judge before Friendship; then confide till Death.  
Well, for thy Friend; but Nobler far for Thee;  
How Gallant danger for Earth's Highest prize?  
A Friend is worth all hazard we can run.

" Poor is the Friendless Master of a World :

" A World in purchase for a Friend is Gain."

So sung He (Angels hear that Angel sing !  
 Angels from Friendship gather Half their Joy.)  
 So sung *Philander*, as his Friend went round  
 In the rich *Ichor*, in the generous blood  
 Of *Bacchus*, purple God of joyous Wit,  
 A Brow solute, and ever-laughing Eye :  
 He drank long Health, and Virtue to his Friend ;  
 His Friend, who warm'd him more, who more  
*Friendship's* the Wine of Life ; but Friendship <sup>inspir'd.</sup> *new*  
 (Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.  
 O ! for the bright Complexion, cordial warmth,  
 And elevating Spirit, of a Friend,  
 For twenty Summers ripening by my side ;  
 All Feculence of Falshood long thrown down ;  
 All Social Virtues rising in his Soul ;  
 As Crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !

*Here*

Here Nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;  
Rich to the Taste, and genuine from the Heart.  
High-flavour'd Bliss for Gods ! on Earth how rare ?  
On Earth how lost ? *Philander* is no more.

Think'st thou the Theme intoxicates my Song ?  
Am I too warm ? Too warm I cannot be.  
I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.  
Like Birds, whose Beauties languish, half conceal'd,  
Till mounted on the Wing, their glossy Plumes  
Expanded shine with Azure, Green, and Gold ;  
How Blessings brighten as they take their Flight ?  
His flight *Philander* took ; his Upward Flight,  
If ever Soul ascended : Had he dropt,  
That Eagle Genius ! O had he let fall  
One Feather as he flew ; I then, had wrote,  
What Friends might flatter ; prudent Foes forbear ;  
Rivals scarce damn ; and *Zoilus* reprieve.  
Yet what I can I must ; It were profane

To



To quench a Glory lighted at the Skies,  
 And cast in Shadows his illustrious Close.  
 Strange! the Theme most affecting, most sublime,  
 Momentous most to Man, shou'd sleep unsung;  
 And yet it sleeps, by Genius unawak'd,  
*Painim* or *Christian*; to the Blush of Wit.  
 Man's highest Triumph! Man's profoundest Fall!  
 The *Deathbed* of the Just! is yet undrawn  
 By mortal Hand; It merits a Divine:  
 Angels should paint it, Angels ever *There*;  
 There, on a Post of Honour, and of Joy.

Dare I presume, then? But *Philander* bids;  
 And Glory tempts, and Inclination calls----  
 Yet am I struck; as struck the Soul, beneath  
 Aerial *Groves* impenetrable Gloom;  
 Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn shade;  
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on *highborn Dust*,  
 In Vaults; thin courts of poor Unflatter'd Kings!

Or,

Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd Flame.

It is Religion to proceed : I pause —

And enter aw'd the Temple of my Theme.

Is it his Deathbed ? No ; It is his Shrine ;

Behold him, there, just rising to a God,

The Chamber where the Goodman meets his Fate,  
Is privileg'd beyond the common Walk

Of *virtuous* life, quite in the Verge of Heaven.

Fly, ye Profane ! If not, draw near with awe,

Receive the Blessing, and adore the Chance,

That threw in this *Bethesda* your Disease ;

If unrestor'd by This, despair your Cure.

For, *Here*, resistless Demonstration dwells ;

A Death-Bed's a Detector of the Heart.

*Here* tir'd *Diffimulation* drops her Masque,

Thro' Life's Grimace, that Mistress of the Scene !

*Here* Real, and Apparent, are the Same.

You see the *Man* ; you see his Hold on Heaven :

If

If found his Virtue ; as *Philander's* found.  
 Heaven waits not the last moment, owns her Friends  
 On this Side Death ; and points them out to men,  
 A Lecture, silent, but of sovereign Pow'r !  
 To Vice, Confusion ; and to Virtue, Peace.

Whatever Farce the boastful Hero plays,  
*Virtue* alone has Majesty in Death ;  
 And greater still, the more the Tyrant frowns.  
*Philander* ! He severely frown'd on Thee.  
 " No Warning given ! Unceremonious Fate !  
 " A suddain Rush from Life's meridian Joys !  
 " A Wrench from all we *Love* ! from all we *are* !  
 " A restless bed of Pain ! a Plunge opaque  
 " Beyond Conjecture ! Feeble *Nature's* dread !  
 " Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark Unknown !  
 " A Sun extinguisht ! a just opening Grave !  
 " And oh ! the last, last ; what ? (can words express ?  
 " Thought reach ? ) the last, last — *Silence* of a  
Friend !"  
Where



Where are Those Horrors? That Amazement, where?  
This hideous Group of Ills, which *singly* shock,  
Demand from man?--- I thought him Man till *now*.

Thro' Nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd Agonies,  
Like the Stars struggling thro' this midnight Gloom,  
What gleams of Joy? what more than Human Peace?  
Where the frail Mortal? the poor abject Worm?  
No, not in Death, the *Mortal* to be found.  
His Conduct is a Legacy for All,  
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single Heir:  
His Comforters He comforts; Great in Ruin,  
With unreluctant Grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*  
His Soul Sublime; and closes with his Fate.  
How our Hearts burnt within us at the Scene?  
Whence, This brave Bound o'er limits fixt to Man?  
His God sustains him in his final Hour:  
His final Hour brings Glory to his God:  
Man's Glory Heaven vouchsafes to call her own.

We

We gaze ; we weep ; mixt Tears of Grief and Joy !  
 Amazement Strikes ! Devotion bursts to flame !  
*Christians* Adore ! and *Infidels* Believe.

As some tall Tow'r, or lofty Mountain's Brow,  
 Detains the Sun, Illustrious from its Height ;  
 While rising Vapours, and descending Shades,  
 With Damps, and Darknes drown the Spacious  
 Undampt by Doubt, Undarken'd by Despair, <sup>Vale :</sup>  
*Philander*, thus, augustly rears his Head,  
 At that Black Hour, which general Horror sheds  
 On the low Level of th' Inglorious Throng :  
 Sweet *Peace*, and Heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,  
 Divinely beam on his exalted Soul ;  
 Destruction gild, and crown Him for the Skies,  
 With incommunicable Lustre, Bright.

*Lorenzo* ! such the Goodman's *Misery* !  
 How dim the Ray, the Lustre, now, how pale

Of tarnisht Pageantrys, of wither'd Joy,  
Of beggar'd Opulence, disgrac'd Renown,  
Deep-darken'd Empire, Conquest overcome?  
Envy's bright Buts! the Pant of every Breast!  
*Envy!* the greatest Ideot of all Crimes!  
Who pains herself for That, wou'd pain her more;  
Is there on Earth what can absolve her? Yes;  
One radiant Mark; the Deathbed of the Just:  
That Gaze of Angels! That glad Fame of Heaven!  
That Joy to Joy Celestial! --- O my Soul!  
Blest, ravisht with this Providential Scene!  
Heaven plans her gracious Stratagems for All.  
A Scene so strong to strike, so sweet to charm,  
So Great to raise, so Heavenly to inspire,  
So Solid to support fair Virtue's Throne,  
What Transport Thine, to see? what Zeal to sing?  
Sing First, and send it thro' the Souls of men?  
And sent *thro'* Their's with ease, if *from* our own.  
Nor hast Thou Sung in vain: *Philander* hears,

*Lorenzo*



*Lorenzo* feels, thy Song. *Lorenzo* feels,  
Or He, and not *Philander*, is the Dead.  
*Life*, take thy Chance ; But Oh for such an End !  
*There* point, My wishes ! center *There* ; and burn.

Smile you, ye poor Dependents on a Pulse !  
A Pulse, your salient God ! as that decrees,  
Pleasur'd, or Pain'd ; Exalted, or Forlorn ?----  
Smile on ; and prove your Misery by your Smiles.  
As Smiles mistaken, what Tear half so sad ?  
Is it your Pride ? Wou'd you be prais'd for This ?  
Scorn'd be the man, who thinks himself a Brute ;  
Affronts his Species ; and his God blasphemes ;  
Vile Laughter ! at whom Pity cannot laugh ;  
Scorner of All, but what deserves his Scorn !  
Who thinks it is Ingenious to be Mad,  
And is quite Fool enough to be a Wit.  
Wits spare not Heaven, O *Wilmington* !---nor Thee.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE THIRD.

*N A R C I S S A.*

Humbly inscrib'd to her GRACE

The Dutchess of P-----.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.*

VIRG.

THE THIRD

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THE  
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the THIRD.



FROM *Dreams*, where Thought in Fan-  
cy's maze runs mad,  
To *Reason*, that Heav'n-lighted Lamp in  
Man,  
Once more I wake ; and at the Destin'd  
hour ;  
Punctual as Lovers to the moment sworn,  
I keep my Affignation with my Woe.

O ! Lost to Virtue, Lost to manly Thought,  
Lost to the noble Sallies of the Soul !  
Who think it Solitude, to be Alone.

Communion Sweet ! Communion large, and High !  
 Our Reason ; Guardian Angel ; and our God !  
 Then nearest These, when Others most Remote ;  
 And All, ere long, shall be remote, but These.  
 How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,  
 A Stranger ! Unacknowledg'd ! Unapprov'd !  
*Now* woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy  
 To win thy Wish, Creation has no more. <sup>breast ;</sup>  
 Or if we wish a *Fourth*, it is a Friend ;  
 But Friends, how mortal ? Dangerous the Desire,

*Alone indeed*, the Banisht from Himself,  
 By Day's Intrusions loud, and rude Assaults,  
 A tide of Tumult, and a Storm of Tongues.  
 Take *Phæbus* to yourselves, ye basking Bards !  
 Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head ;  
 And reeling thro' the wilderness of Joy ;  
 Where *Sense* runs Savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,  
 And sings false Peace, till smother'd by the Pall.

My

My Fortune is unlike ; unlike, my Song ;  
Unlike the Deity my Song invokes.  
I to *Day's* soft-ey'd Sister pay my Court,  
(*Endymion's* Rival !) and her aid implore ;  
Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow \* *Cynthia's* form,  
And modestly foregoe thine Own ! O Thou  
Who didst thyself, at midnight Hours, inspire !  
Say, why not *Cynthia* Patroness of Song ?  
As Thou her Crescent, she thy Character,  
Assumes ; still more a Goddess by the Change.

Are there demuring Wits, who dare dispute  
This Revolution in the World *inspir'd* ?  
Ye Train *Pierian* ! to the Lunar Sphere,  
In silent Hour, address your ardent Call  
For aid Immortal ; Less her Brother's Right.

\* At the Duke of *Norfolk's* Masquerade.



She, with the Spheres Harmonious, nightly leads  
 The mazy Dance, and hears their matchless Strain,  
 A Strain for Gods ! Deny'd to mortal Ear !  
 Transmit it heard, Thou Silver Queen of Heaven !  
 What Title, or what Name endears thee more ?  
*Cynthia ! Cilene ! Phæbe !----* or dost hear  
 With higher gust, fair *P-----d* of the Skies ?  
 Is that the soft Enchantment calls thee down,  
 More powerful than of old *Circean* charm ?  
 Come ; but from Heavenly Banquets with thee bring  
 The Soul of Song ; and whisper in mine ear  
 The Theft divine ; or in propitious Dreams,  
 (For Dreams are Thine) transfuse it thro' the breast  
 Of thy first Votary ;---- But not thy Last ;  
 If, like thy Namesake, Thou art ever Kind.

And Kind Thou wilt be ; Kind on such a Theme ;  
 A Theme so like thee, a quite *Lunar* Theme,  
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !

A Theme that rose all-pale, and told my soul,  
'Twas Night ; on her fond Hopes perpetual Night !  
A Night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,  
Than that which smote me from *Philander's* tomb.  
*Narcissa* follows, e'er His tomb is clos'd.  
Woes cluster ; rare are solitary Woes ;  
They love a Train : they tread each other's Heel :  
*Her* Death invades *His* mournful right, and claims  
The Grief that started from my Lids for Him ;  
Seizes the faithless, alienated Tear,  
Or shares it, e'er It falls. So frequent Death,  
Sorrow, He more than causes, He confounds ;  
For human Sighs his rival Strokes contend,  
And make Distress, Distraction. Oh *Philander* !  
What was thy Fate ? A double Fate to me ;  
Portent, and Pain ! a Menace, and a Blow !  
Like the black Raven hov'ring o'er my Peace,  
Not less a Bird of Omen, than of Prey.  
It call'd *Narcissa* long before her Hour ;

It call'd her tender Soul, by Break of bliss,  
From the first Blossom, from the Buds of Joy ;  
Those Few, our noxious Fate unblasted leaves,  
In this inclement Clime of human life.

Sweet Harmonist ! and Beautiful as sweet !  
And young as beautiful ! and Soft, as young !  
And Gay as soft ! and Innocent as gay !  
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as Good !  
For Fortune fond had built her nest on High :  
Like Birds quite exquisite of Note and Plume,  
Transfixt by *Fate* (who loves a lofty Mark)  
How from the Summit of the Grove she fell,  
And left it Unharmonious ? All its Charm  
Extinguish'd in the Wonders of her Song !  
Her Song still vibrates in my ravisht Ear,  
Still melting There, and with voluptuous Pain  
(O to forget her !) trilling thro' my Heart !

Song,



Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this Group  
Of bright Ideas, Flowers of Paradise  
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,  
Kneel, and present it to the Skies; as All  
We guess of Heaven: And these were all her Own:  
And she was mine; and I was---~~was~~ most blest,---  
Gay Title of the deepest Misery!  
As bodies grow more pond'rous, rob'd of Life;  
*Good* lost weighs more in Grief, than Gain'd, in Joy.  
Like blossom'd Trees o'erturn'd by vernal Storm  
Lovely in Death the beauteous Ruin lay;  
And if in Death still lovely, Lovelier There;  
Far lovelier! Pity swells the Tide of Love.  
And will not the Severe excuse a Sigh?  
Scorn the proud Man that is asham'd to weep;  
Our Tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our Shame.  
Ye that e're lost an Angel! pity me.

Soon

Soon as the Lustre languisht in her Eye,  
 Dawning a dimer Day on Human Sight ;  
 And on her Cheek, the Residence of Spring,  
 Pale Omen fate ; and scatter'd Fears around  
 On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze  
 That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,  
 I flew, I snatcht her from the rigid North,  
 Her native Bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,  
 And bore her nearer to the Sun ; the Sun  
 (As if the Sun cou'd envy) checkt his Beam,  
 Deny'd his wonted Succour, nor with more  
 Regret, beheld her drooping, than the Bells  
 Of Lilies ; Fairest Lilies ! not so fair.

Queen Lilies ! and ye painted Populace !  
 Who dwell in Fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;  
 In morn, and ev'ning Dew, your beauties bathe,  
 And drink the Sun ; which gives your Cheeks to glow,  
 And

And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every Fair ;  
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her Hand,  
Which often cropt your Odors, Incense meet  
To Thought so pure ; her flow'ry State of Mind  
In Joy unfal'n : Ye lovely Fugitives !  
Coæval race with man ! for man you smile ;  
Why not Smile *at* him too ? You share indeed  
His suddain Pass ; but not his constant Pain.  
So man is made, nought ministers delight,  
But what his glowing Passions can engage ;  
And glowing Passions bent on aught Below,  
Must, soon or late, with Anguish turn the Scale ;  
And Anguish after Rapture, how severe ?  
Rapture ? bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,  
By plucking Fruit deny'd to mortal Taste,  
While *Here* presuming on the Rights of Heaven.  
For Transport dost Thou call on every Hour,  
*Lorenzo* ? At thy Friend's expence be wise ;  
Lean not on Earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart ;

A broken





Their Sighs incenst ; Sighs foreign to the Will !  
Their Will the *Tyger* suckt, outrag'd the Storm :  
For oh ! the curst Ungodliness of Zeal !  
While *sinful Flesh* relented, *Spirit* nurst  
In blind *Infallibility*'s embrace,  
The *Sainted Spirit* petrify'd the breast :  
Deny'd the Charity of Dust, to spread  
O'er Dust ! a charity their Dogs enjoy.  
What cou'd I do ? what Succour ? what Resource ?  
With pious Sacrilege, a Grave I stole ;  
With impious Piety, that Grave I wrong'd ;  
Short in my Duty ! Coward in my Grief !  
More like her Murderer, than Friend, I crept,  
With soft-suspended Step, and muffled deep  
In midnight Darkness, *whisper'd* my Last Sigh.  
I *whisper'd* what shou'd echo thro' their realms ;  
Nor writ her Name, whose tomb shou'd pierce the  
Presumptuous Fear ! How durst I dread her Foes,  
While

While Nature's loudest Dictates I obey'd ?  
 Pardon Necessity, Blest Shade ! Of Grief,  
 And Indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;  
 Half-execration mingled with my Pray'r ;  
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;  
 Sore-grudg'd the Savage land her Sacred Dust ;  
 Stamp'd the curst Soil ; and with Humanity,  
 (Deny'd *Narcissa*,) wisht them All a Grave.

Glows my Resentment into Guilt ? What guilt  
 Can equal Violations of the Dead ?  
 The Dead how Sacred ? Sacred is the Dust  
 Of this Heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine !  
 This Heaven-assum'd majestic robe of Earth,  
*He* deign'd to wear, who hung the vast Expanse  
 With Azure bright, and cloath'd the Sun in Gold.  
 When every Passion sleeps that can offend ;  
 When Strikes us every Motive that can melt ;  
 When man can reek his rancour uncontroll'd,

That



That strongest Curb on Insult and Ill-will ;  
*Then*, spleen to *Dust* ? the Dust of Innocence ?  
An Angel's Dust !----This *Lucifer* transcends ;  
When He contended for the Patriarch's bones,  
'Twas not the Strife of Malice, but of Pride ;  
The Strife of Pontif Pride, not Pontif Gall.

Far less than This is shocking in a Race  
Most wretched, but from Streams of mutual Love ;  
And Uncreated, but for love Divine ;  
And but for love Divine, this Moment, lost,  
By Fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless Night.  
Man hard of Heart to man ! Of horrid things  
Most horrid ! Mid stupendous, highly strange !  
Yet oft his Courtesies are smother Wrongs ;  
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,  
And contumelious his Humanity :  
What then his Vengeance ? Hear it not, ye Stars !  
And thou, pale Moon ! turn paler at the Sound ;

Man

Man is to Man the forest, surest Ill.

A previous Blast foretells the rising Storm ;

O'erwhelming Turrets threaten ere they fall ;

Volcano's bellow ere they disembody ;

Earth trembles ere her yawning Jaws devour ;

And Smoak betrays the wide-consuming Fire :

Ruin from Man is most conceal'd when near,

And sends the dreadful Tidings in the Blow.

Is this the Flight of Fancy ? Would it were !

Heaven's Sovereign saves all Beings but Himself,

That hideous Sight, a naked human Heart.

Fir'd is the Muse ? and let the Muse be fir'd :

Who not inflam'd, when what He speaks, he feels,

And in the Nerve most tender, in his Friends ?

Shame to Mankind ! *Philander* had his Foes :

He felt the Truths I sing, and I in Him :

But he, nor I, feel more. Past Ills, *Narcissa* !

Are sunk in Thee : Thou recent wound of Heart !

Which



Which bleeds with other Cares, with other Pangs ;  
Pangs numerous, as the numerous Ills that swarm'd  
O'er thy distinguish'd Fate, and clust'ring There  
Thick as the Locust on the land of *Nile*,  
Made Death more deadly, and more dark the Grave.  
Reflect (if not forgot my touching Tale)  
How was each Circumstance with Aspics arm'd ?  
An Aspic, Each ; and All, an *Hydra*-Woe.  
What strong *Herculean* Virtue could suffice ?---  
Or is it Virtue to be conquer'd Here ?  
This hoary Cheek a Train of Tears bedews,  
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;  
And each Distress distinctly mourn'd, demands  
Of Grief still more, as heighten'd by the Whole.  
A Grief like *this* Proprietors excludes ;  
Not Friends alone such Obsequies deplore,  
They make Mankind the Mourner ; carry Sighs  
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her Way,

G

And



And turn the gayest Thought of gayest Age,  
Down their right Channel, thro' the Vale of Death.

The Vale of Death! That husht *Cimmerian* Vale,  
Where *Darkness* brooding o'er Unfinisht Fates,  
With Raven wing incumbent, waits the Day  
(Dread Day!) that interdicts all future Change.  
That Subterranean World, that Land of Ruin!  
Fit Walk, *Lorenzo*, for proud human Thought!  
*There* let my Thought expatiate; and explore  
Balsamic Truths, and healing Sentiments,  
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *Here*.  
For gay *Lorenzo's* sake, and for thine own,  
My Soul! "The Fruits of Dying Friends survey;  
" Expose the *Vain* of Life; weigh Life and Death;  
" Give Death his Eulogy; Thy Fear subdue;  
" And labour that First Palm of noble Minds,  
" A manly Scorn of Terror from the Tomb."

This

This Harvest reap from thy *Narcissa's* Grave.  
As Poets feign from *Ajax's* streaming blood  
Arose, with Grief inscrib'd, a mournful Flow'r;  
Let Wisdom blossom from my mortal Wound.  
And *first*, of Dying Friends; what Fruit from These?  
Rich Fruit this Tempest in our Bosom throws,  
Few Minds will gather in our Life's *Serene* :  
It brings us more than Triple Aid ; an Aid  
To chace our *Thoughtlessness, Fear, Pride, and Guilt.*

Our dying Friends come o'er us like a Cloud,  
To damp our brainless Ardors ; and abate  
That Glare of Life, which often blinds the Wise.  
Our dying Friends are Pioneers, to smooch  
Our rugged Pass to Death ; to break those Bars  
Of Terror, and Abhorrence, Nature throws  
Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus, to make  
Welcome, as Safe, our Port from every Storm.

Each Friend by Fate snatcht from us, is a Plume  
Pluckt from the wing of human Vanity,  
Which makes us stoop from our aërial Heights,  
And damp't with Omen of our own Decease,  
On drooping pinions of Ambition lower'd,  
Just skim Earth's Surface, ere we break it up,  
O'er putrid Pride to scratch a little Dust,  
And save the World a Nuisance: Smitten Friends  
Are Angels sent on Errands full of Love ;  
For us they languish, and for us they die :  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?  
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hov'ring Shades,  
Which wait the Revolution in our Hearts ?  
Shall we disdain their silent, soft Address ;  
Their posthumous Advice, and pious Prayer ?  
Senseless, as Herds that graze their hallow'd Graves,  
Tread under foot their Agonies and Groans ;  
Frustrate their Anguish, and destroy their Deaths ?

*Lorenzo !*



*Lorenzo* ! no ; the Thought of Death indulge ;  
Give it its wholesome Empire, let It reign,  
That Kind Chastiser of the Soul to Joy !  
Its reign will spread thy glorious Conquests far,  
And still the Tumults of thy ruffled breast ;  
Auspicious *Æra* ! Golden Days begin !  
The Thought of Death, shall, like a God, inspire.  
And why not think on Death ? Is Life the Theme  
Of every Thought ? and Wish of every Hour ?  
And Song of every Joy ? Surprising Truth !  
The beaten Spaniel's fondness not so strange.  
To wave the numerous *Ills* that seize on Life  
As their own Property, their lawful prey ;  
Ere man has measured half his weary Stage,  
His Luxuries have left him no reserve,  
No maiden Relishes, unbroacht Delights ;  
On cold-serv'd Repetitions He subsists,  
And in the tasteless *Present* chaws the *Past* ;

Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.  
 Like lavish Ancestors, his earlier Years  
 Have disinherited his future Hours,  
 Which starve on Oughts, and glean their former Field.

Live ever Here, *Lorenzo* ! shocking Thought !  
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it, too ;  
 Disown from shame, what they from Folly crave.  
 Live ever in the Womb, nor see the Light ?  
 For what live ever Here ? --- With labouring Step  
 To tread out former Footsteps ? Pace the Round  
 Eternal ? To climb daily Life's worn wheel,  
 Which draws up nothing new ? To beat, and beat,  
 The beaten Track ? To bid each wretched day  
 The Former mock ; To surfeit on the *Same*,  
 And yawn our Joys ? or thank a Misery  
 For Change, tho' sad ? To see what we have seen ?  
 Hear, till unheard the same old Slobber'd Tale ?  
 To taste the tasted, and at each return

Less

Less tastful ? O'er our Palates to decant  
Another Vintage ? strain a flatter year,  
Thro' loaded Vessels, and a laxer Tone ?  
Crazy Machines to grind Earth's wasted Fruits !  
Ill-ground, and worse concocted ; Load, not Life !  
The *Rational* foul Kennels of Excess !  
Still-streaming Thorough-fairs of dull Debauch !  
Trembling each Gulp, lest Death should snatch the  
Bowl.

Such of our Fine Ones is the Wish refin'd !  
So would they have it : Elegant Desire !  
Why not invite the bellowing Stalls, and Wilds ?  
But such Examples might their riot awe.  
Thro' want of Virtue, that is, want of Thought,  
(Tho' on bright Thought they father all their Flights)  
To what are they reduc'd ? To love, and hate  
The same vain World ; to censure, and espouse  
This painted Shrew of Life, who calls them Fool  
Each Moment of each Day ; To flatter Bad



Thro' dread of Worfe ; To cling to this rude Rock,  
 Barren, *to them*, of Good, and Sharp with Ills,  
 And hourly Blacken'd with impending Storms,  
 And Infamous for wrecks of human Hope,----  
 Scar'd at the gloomy Gulph that yawns Beneath.  
 Such are their Triumphs ! Such their Pangs of Joy !

'Tis Time, high Time to shift this dismal Scene.  
 This hugg'd, this hideous State, what Art can cure ?  
 One only ; but that One, what All may reach ;  
*Virtue*.----She, wonder-working Goddess ! charms,  
 That *Rock* to bloom ; and tames the *painted Shrew* ;  
 And what will more surprize, *Lorenzo* ! gives  
 To Life's sick, nauseous *Iteration*, Change ;  
 And straitens Nature's Circle to a Line.  
 Believ'st Thou This, *Lorenzo* ? Lend an Ear,  
 A patient ear, Thou'lt blush to Disbelieve,

A languid,

A languid, leaden Iteration reigns,  
And ever must o'er Those, whose joys are joys  
Of Sight, Smell, Taste : The Cuckow-seasons sing  
The same dull Note to such as nothing prize,  
But what those Seasons, from the teeming Earth,  
To doating *Sense* indulge : But nobler Minds  
Which relish Fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,  
Make their Days various ; various as the Dies  
On the Dove's Neck, which wanton in *his* rays.  
On Minds of Dove-like innocence possess'd,  
On lightned Minds that bask in Virtue's beams,  
Nothing hangs Tedious, nothing Old revolves,  
In *That*, for which they long ; for which they live.  
Their glorious Efforts wing'd with Heavenly Hope,  
Each rising Morning sees still higher rise ;  
Each bounteous Dawn its Novelty presents  
To worth maturing, new Strength, Lustre, Fame ;  
While Nature's Circle, like a Chariot wheel

Rowling

Rowling *beneath* their elevated Aims,  
Makes their fair Prospect, fairer every Hour ;  
Advancing *Virtue*, in a Line to *Bliss* :  
*Virtue*, which Christian Motives best inspire !  
And *Bliss*, which Christian Schemes alone ensure.

And shall we then, for Virtue's sake, commence  
Apostates ? and turn Infidels for Joy ?  
A Truth it is, Few doubt, but Fewer trust,  
“ He sins against *this* Life, who flights the *next*.”  
What is this Life ? How Few their Fav'rite know ?  
Fond in the dark, and blind in our Embrace,  
By passionately loving Life, we make  
Lov'd Life unlovely ; Hugging her to Death.  
We give to Time Eternity's Regard ;  
And dreaming take our Passage for our Port.  
Life has no Value as an End, but Means ;  
An End deplorable ! a Means divine !  
When 'tis our All ; 'tis Nothing ; worse than Nought ;

A Nest



A Nest of Pains: when held as Nothing, Much:  
Like some fair Humourists, Life is most enjoy'd,  
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;  
Then 'tis the Seat of Comfort, rich in Peace;  
In Prospect, richer far; Important! Awful!  
Not to be mention'd but with Shouts of Praise!  
Not to be thought on, but with Tides of Joy!  
The mighty Basis of eternal Bliss!

Where now the *Barren Rock?* the *painted Shrew?*  
Where now, *Lorenzo!* Life's *eternal Round?*  
Have I not made my triple Promise good?  
Vain is the World, but only to the Vain.  
To what compare we then this varying Scene,  
Whose Worth ambiguous rises, and declines?  
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*  
Assists me Here) Compare it to the Moon;  
Dark in herself, and Indigent: but Rich  
In borrow'd Lustre from a higher Sphere:

When gross Guilt interposes, Labouring Earth  
O'ershadow'd mourns a deep Eclipse of Joy ;  
Her Joys at brightest, pallid to that Font  
Of full effulgent Glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that Glory distant : Oh *Lorenzo* !  
A good Man and an Angel ! These between  
How thin the barrier ? What divides their Fate ?  
Perhaps a Moment, or perhaps a Year ;  
Or if an Age, it is a moment still ;  
A moment, or Eternity's forgot :  
Then Be, what once they were, who now are Gods ;  
Be what *Philander* was, and claim the Skies.  
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy Pass ?  
The soft Transition call it ; and be chear'd ;  
Such It is often, and why not to Thee ?  
To hope the Best is Pious, Brave, and Wise,  
And may Itself procure, what It presumes.  
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd ;

Compare the Rivals, and the Kinder crown.

“ Strange Competition”---True *Lorenzo* ! Strange !

So Little *Life* can cast into the Scale.

*Life* makes the Soul Dependent on the Dust ;

*Death* gives her wings to mount above the Spheres :

Thro’ Chinks, styl’d Organs, dim *Life* peeps at light ;

*Death* bursts th’ Involving Cloud, and all is Day :

All Eye, all Ear, the disembod’d Power.

*Death* has feign’d Evils, Nature shall not feel ;

*Life*, Ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun :

Is not the mighty *Mind*, that Son of Heaven !

By Tyrant *Life* dethron’d, imprison’d, pain’d ?

By *Death* enlarg’d, ennobled, Deify’d ?

*Death* but entombs the Body ; *Life* the Soul.

“ Is *Death* then Guiltless ? How He marks his  
Way

“ With dreadful Waste of what deserves to shine ?

“ Art, Genius, Fortune, elevated Pow’r !

“ With



“ With various Lustres *These* light up the World,  
 “ Which *Death* puts out; and darkens human Race.”

I grant, *Lorenzo* ! this Indictment just :

The Sage, Peer, Potentate, King, Conqueror !

*Death* humbles *These*; more barbarous *Life*, the  
*Life* is the Triumph of our mouldering Clay ; <sup>man :</sup>

*Death*, of the Spirit Infinite ! Divine !

*Death* has no dread but what frail *Life* imparts ;

Nor *Life* true Joy, but what kind *Death* improves.

No Bliss has *Life* to boast, till *Death* can give

Far greater ; *Life*'s a Debtor to the Grave,

Dark Lattice ! letting in Eternal Day.

*Lorenzo* ! blush at *Fondness* for a *Life*,  
 Which sends celestial Souls on errands vile,  
 To cater for the Sense ; and serve at Boards,  
 Where every Ranger of the Wilds, perhaps,  
 Each Reptile justly claims our upper Hand ;  
 Luxurious Feast ! a Soul, a Soul immortal,

In all the Dainties of a Brute bemir'd !  
*Lorenzo* ! blush at *Terror* for a *Death*,  
Which gives thee to repose in festive Bowers,  
Where Nectars sparkle, Angels minister,  
And more than Angels share, and raise, and crown,  
And eternize, the Birth, Bloom, Bursts of Bliss.  
O Feast *indeed* Luxurious ! Earth, vile Earth !  
In all the Glories of a God array'd ;  
And beaming inextinguishable Bliss.  
What need I more ? O *Death*, the Palm is thine.

Then welcome, Death ! thy dreaded Harbingers  
*Age*, and *Disease* ; *Disease*, tho' long my Guest ;  
That plucks my Nerves, those tender Strings of Life,  
Which pluckt a little more, will toll the Bell  
That calls my few Friends to my Funeral ;  
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a Tear,  
While Reason and Religion, better taught,  
Congratulate the Dead, and crown his tomb

With

With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory ;  
 It binds in chains the raging Ills of Life :  
*Lust* and *Ambition*, *Wrath* and *Avarice*,  
 Dragg'd at his chariot wheel, applaud his Power.  
 That Ills corrosive, Cares importunate,  
 Are not Immortal too, O Death ! is Thine :  
 Our Day of Diffolution ?---Name it right ;  
 'Tis our great Pay-day ; 'Tis our Harvest, rich  
 And ripe ; what tho' the Sickle, sometimes keen,  
 Just scars us, as we reap the golden Grain ;  
 More than thy Balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the Wound.  
*Birth's* feeble Cry, and *Death's* deep dismal Groan,  
 Are slender Tributes low-taxt Nature pays,  
 For mighty Gain : The Gain of each, a Life !  
 But O, the Last the Former so transcends,  
*Life* dies, Compar'd : *Life* lives beyond the Grave.

And feel I, *Death* ! no joy from thought of Thee ?  
*Death*, the great Counsellor, who Man inspires,

With



With every nobler Thought, and fairer Deed!  
*Death*, the Deliverer, who rescues man!  
*Death*, the Rewarder, who the rescued crowns!  
*Death*, that absolves my Birth, a curse without it!  
Rich *Death*, that realizes all my Cares,  
Toils, Virtues, Hopes; without it, a Chimera!  
*Death*, of all Pain the Period, not of Joy;  
Joy's *Source*, and *Subject*, still subsist unhurt,  
One in my Soul; and One, in her great Sire,  
Tho' the four Winds were warring for my Dust.  
Yes, and from Winds, and Waves, and central Night,  
Tho' prison'd there, my Dust too I reclaim,  
(To Dust when drop proud Nature's proudest  
And live Entire. Death is the Crown of Life;  
<sup>Spheres</sup>  
Was Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain;  
Was Death deny'd, to live would not be life;  
Was Death deny'd, even Fools would wish to die.  
Death wounds, to cure: We fall; we rise; we reign!  
Spring from our Fetters; fasten in the Skies;

Where blooming *Eden* withers in our Sight ;

Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.

This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.

When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death ?

When shall I die ?----When shall I live for ever ?



NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE

*Christian* TRIUMPH.

Containing our only CURE for the

FEAR OF *DEATH*,

AND

Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that  
Inestimable Blessing.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D

To the Honourable Mr. *RO R K.*

H 2

NIGHT



THE

FOURTH

THE

THE

CHRISTIAN TRUTH

Much indebted to the

And the friends of the

Thine is the



How deep is the

The Dead of Death

The

The

is

For the

Remember not

The



# NIGHT THE FOURTH.

T H E

## CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.



Much indebted Muse, O *York* ! intrudes.  
Amid the Smiles of Fortune, & of Youth,  
Thine Ear is patient of a serious Song.

How deep implanted in the Breast of Man  
The Dread of Death ? I sing its sov'reign Cure.

Why start at Death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,  
Is past ; not come, or gone, He's never *here*.  
E'er *Hope, Sensation* fails ; Black-boding Man  
*Receives*, not *suffers* Death's tremendous Blow.

The Knell, the Shroud, the Mattock, and the Grave;  
The deep damp Vault, the Darknefs, and the Worm;  
These are the Bugbears of a Winter's Eve,  
The Terrors of the Living, not the Dead.  
*Imagination's* Fool, and *Error's* Wretch,  
Man makes a Death, which Nature never made;  
Then on the Point of his own Fancy falls;  
And feels a thousand Deaths, in fearing one.

But was Death frightful, what has *Age* to fear?  
If prudent, Age should meet the friendly Foe,  
And shelter in his hospitable Gloom.  
I scarce can meet a Monument, but holds  
My Younger; every Date, cries----"Come away."  
And what recalls me? look the World around,  
And tell me what: the Wisest cannot tell.  
Should any born of Woman give his Thought  
Full range, on just *Dislike's* unbounded Field;  
Of Things, the Vanity; of Men, the Flaws;

Flaws



Flaws in the *Best*; the Many, Flaw all o'er,  
As *Leopards* spotted, or as *Æthiops*, dark;  
Vivacious *Ill*; *Good* dying immature;  
(How immature, *Narcissa's* Marble tells)  
And at its Death bequeathing endless Pain;  
His Heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the Sight,  
And spend itself in Sighs, for future Scenes.

But grant to Life (and just it is to grant  
To *lucky* Life) some Perquisites of Joy;  
A Time there is, when like a thrice-told Tale,  
And that of no great Moment, or Delight,  
Long-rifled Life of Sweet can yeild no more,  
But from our *Comment* on the Comedy,  
Pleasing *Reflections* on Parts well-sustain'd,  
Or purpos'd *Emendations* where we fail'd,  
Or Hopes of Plaudits from our candid Judge,  
When, on their Exit, Souls are bid unrobe,

Toss *Fortune* back her Tinsel, and her Plume,  
And drop this Mask of Flesh behind the Scene.

With me, that Time is come ; my World is dead ;  
A new World rises, and new Manners reign :  
Foreign Comedians, a spruce Band ! arrive,  
To push me from the Scene, or hiss me there.  
What a pert Race starts up ? the Strangers gaze,  
And I at them ; my Neighbour is unknown ;  
Nor that the worst ; ah me ! the dire Effect  
Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long ;  
Of old so gracious, (and let that suffice)  
My very Master knows me not.-----

Shall I dare say, Peculiar is the Fate ?  
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot,  
An Object ever pressing dims the Sight,  
And hides behind its Ardor to be seen :  
When in his Courtiers Ears I pour my Complaint,

They

They drink it, as the Nectar of the Great ;  
And squeeze my Hand, and beg me come to-morrow ;  
*Refusal* ! canst thou wear a smother Form ?

Indulge me, nor conceive, I drop my Theme,  
Who cheapens Life, abates the *Fear of Death* ;  
Twice-told the Period spent on stubborn *Troy*,  
Court-Favour, yet untaken, I besiege ;  
Ambition's ill-judg'd Effort to be rich.  
Alas ! Ambition makes my Little, less ;  
Imbittering the Possess'd : Why wish for more ?  
*Wishing*, of all Employments is the worst ;  
Philosophy's Reverse ! and Health's Decay !  
Was I as plump, as stall'd Theology,  
*Wishing* would waste me to this Shade again.  
Was I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* Dream,  
*Wishing* is an Expedient to be poor.  
*Wishing*, that constant *Heetick* of a Fool ;

Caught



Caught at a Court, purg'd off by purer Air,  
And simpler Diet ; Gifts of rural Life !

Blest be that Hand divine, which gently laid  
My Heart at rest, beneath this humble Shed.  
The World's a stately Bark, on dangerous Seas,  
With Pleasure seen, but boarded at our Peril :  
*Here*, on a single Plank, thrown safe ashore,  
I hear the Tumult of the distant Throng,  
As that of Seas remote, or dying Storms ;  
And meditate on Scenes, more silent still ;  
Pursue my Theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.  
*Here*, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut,  
Touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff,  
Eager Ambition's fiery Chace I see ;  
I see the circling Hunt, of noisy Men,  
Burst Laws Enclosure, leap the Mounds of Right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each other's Prey ;

As

As Wolves, for Rapine ; as the Fox, for Wiles ;  
Till *Death*, that mighty Hunter, earths them all.

Why all this Toil for Triumphs of an Hour?  
What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame?  
Earth's highest Station ends in " Here he lies,"  
And " Dust to Dust" concludes her noblest Song.  
If this Song lives, Posterity shall know  
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with Courtiers bred,  
Who thought even Gold might come a Day too late ;  
Nor on his subtle Deathbed plan'd his Scheme  
For future Vacancies in Church, or State ;  
Some Avocation deeming it ---- to die ;  
Unbit by Rage canine of dying Rich ;  
Guilt's Blunder ! and the loudest Laugh of Hell.

O my Coëvals ! Remnants of yourselves !  
Poor human Ruins, tott'ring o'er the Grave !  
Shall we, shall aged Men, like aged Trees,

Strike deeper their vile Root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched Soil?  
 Shall our pale, wither'd Hands be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling, at once, with Eagerness and Age?  
 With Avarice, and Convulsions grasping hard?  
 Grasping at Air! for what has Earth beside?  
 Man wants but Little; nor that Little, long;  
 How soon must he resign his very Dust;  
 Which frugal Nature lent him for an Hour?  
 Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous Ills;  
 And soon as Man, expert from Time, has found  
 The *Key* of Life, it opes the Gates of Death.

When in this Vale of Years I backward look  
 And miss such Numbers, Numbers too of such,  
 Firmer in Health, and greener in their Age,  
 And stricter on their Guard, and fitter far  
 To play Life's subtle Game, I scarce believe  
 I still survive; and am I fond of Life,

Who



Who scarce can think it possible, I live?  
Alive by Miracle! or, what is next,  
Alive by *Mead*! If I am still alive,  
Who long have bury'd what gives Life to live,  
Firmness of Nerve, and Energy of Thought.  
Life's Lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,  
And *vapid*; *Sense*, and *Reason* show the Door,  
Call for my Bier, and point me to the Dust.

O thou great Arbiter of Life and Death!  
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!  
Whose all-prolific Beam, late call'd me forth  
From Darkness, teeming Darkness, where I lay  
The Worms inferior, and, in Rank, beneath  
The Dust I tread on, high to bear my Brow,  
To drink the Spirit of the golden Day,  
And triumph in Existence; and could'st know  
No Motive, but my Bliss; and hast ordain'd  
A Rise in Blessing! with the *Patriarch's* Joy,

Thy

Thy Call I follow to the Land unknown ;  
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;  
 Or Life, or Death, is equal ; neither weighs,  
 All Weight in this---O let me live to Thee !

Tho' *Nature's* Terrors, *thus*, may be repress ;  
 Still frowns grim *Death* ; Guilt points the Tyrant's  
 And whence all human Guilt ? from *Death* forgot,<sup>Spear.</sup>  
 Ah me ! too long I fet at nought the Swarm  
 Of friendly Warnings, which around me flew,  
 And smil'd unfmitten : Small my Cause to smile !  
*Death's* Admonitions, like Shafts upwards shot,  
 More dreadful by Delay, the longer e'er  
 They strike our Hearts, the deeper is their Wound.  
 O think how deep, *Lorenzo ! here* it stings ;  
 Who can appease its Anguish ? how it burns ?  
 What Hand the barb'd, envenom'd, Thought can<sup>draw ?</sup>  
 What healing Hand can pour the Balm of Peace ?  
 And turn my Sight undaunted on the Tomb ?

With



With Joy,--with Grief, that *healing Hand* I see;  
Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high.  
On high?--What means my Frenzy? I blaspheme;  
Alas! how low? how far beneath the Skies?  
The Skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me---  
But bleeds the Balm I want--yet still it *bleeds*;  
Draw the dire Steel--Ah no!--the dreadful Bleeding  
What Heart, or can sustain? or dares forego?  
There hangs all human Hope: That Nail supports  
Our falling Universe: That gone, we drop;  
Horror receives us, and the dismal Wish  
Creation had been smother'd in her Birth---  
Darkness His Curtain, and His Bed the Dust;  
When Stars and Sun are Dust beneath his Throne!  
In Heaven itself can such Indulgence dwell?  
O what a Groan was there? A Groan *not His*,  
He seiz'd our dreadful Right, the Load sustain'd;  
And heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.

A thou-



A thousand Worlds *so* bought, were bought too dear.  
 Sensations *new*, in Angels Bosoms rise ;  
 Suspend their Song ; and make a Pause in Bliss.

O for their Song to reach my lofty Theme !  
 Inspire me *Night* ! with all thy tuneful Spheres !  
 Much rather *Thou* ! who dost those Spheres inspire ;  
 Whilst I with *Seraphs* share seraphic Themes,  
 And show to Men, the Dignity of Man ;  
 Lest I blaspheme my Subject with my Song.  
 Shall *Pagan* Pages glow celestial Flame,  
 And *Christian*, languish ? On our Hearts, not Heads,  
 Falls the foul Infamy : My Heart ! awake,  
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,  
 " Expended Deity on human Weal."  
 Feel the *great Truths*, which burst the tenfold Night  
 Of *Heathen* Error, with a golden Flood  
 Of endless Day : To feel, is to be fired ;  
 And to believe, *Lorenzo* ! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power !  
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous *Love* !  
*That* arms, with Awe more awful, thy Commands ;  
And foul Transgression dips in sevenfold Night.  
How our Hearts tremble at thy Love immense ?  
In Love immense, inviolably Just !  
Thou, rather than thy *Justice* shou'd be stain'd,  
Didst stain the *Cross* ; and Work of Wonders, far  
The greatest, that thy Dearest far, might bleed.

Bold Thought ! shall I dare speak it ? or repress ?  
Shou'd Man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the Guilt,  
Which rous'd such Vengeance ? which such Love in-  
flam'd ?  
O'er Guilt, (how mountainous ? ) with outstretcht  
Arms,  
Stern *Justice*, and soft-smiling *Love*, embrace,  
Supporting, in full Majesty, thy Throne,  
When seem'd its Majesty to need Support,  
Or *That*, or *Man* inevitably lost ?

What, but the Fathomless of Thought divine,  
Cou'd labour such Expedient from Despair,  
And rescue both? Both rescue! Both exalt!  
O how are both exalted by the *Deed*?  
The wond'rous Deed; or shall I call it more?  
A Wonder in Omnipotence itself!  
A Mystery, no less to Gods than Men!

Not, *thus*, our Infidels th' *Eternal* draw,  
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
Full-orb'd, in his whole Round of Rays compleat:  
They set at odds Heaven's jarring Attributes;  
And, with one Excellence, another wound;  
Maim Heaven's Perfection, break its equal Beams,  
Bid *Mercy* triumph over---God himself,  
Undeify'd by their opprobrious Praise:  
A God *All* Mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye



Ye brainless Wits! ye baptiz'd Infidels! ]  
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler Stains!  
The Ransom was paid down; the Fund of Heaven,  
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted Fund,  
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the Price,  
All Price beyond: Tho' curious to compute,  
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty Sum:  
Its Value vast ungraspt by Minds *Create*,  
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And was the Ransom paid? It was: and paid  
(What can exalt the Bounty more?) for *You*.  
The Sun beheld it---No, the shocking Scene  
Drove back his Chariot; *Midnight* veil'd his Face;  
Not such as *This*; not such as Nature makes;  
A *Midnight*, Nature shudder'd to behold;  
A *Midnight* new! a dread Eclipse (without  
Opposing Spheres) from her Creator's Frown!

*Sun* ! didst thou fly thy Maker's Pain ? or start  
 At that enormous Load of human Guilt,  
 Which bow'd his blessed Head ; o'erwhelm'd his  
 Made groan the Center ; burst Earth's marble Womb, <sup>Cross ;</sup>  
 With Pangs, strange Pangs ! deliver'd of her Dead ?  
 Hell howl'd ; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear ;  
 Heav'n wept, that Men might smile ! Heav'n bled, <sup>that Man</sup>  
 Might never die !----

And is Devotion Virtue ? 'Tis *compell'd* ;  
 What Heart of Stone, but glows at Thoughts, like  
 Such Contemplations mount us ; and shou'd mount <sup>These ?</sup>  
 The Mind still higher ; nor ever glance on Man,  
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.--Where rowl my Thoughts  
 To rest from Wonders ? Other Wonders rise,  
 And strike where'er they rowl : My Soul is caught ;  
 Heav'n's sovereign Blessings clust'ring from the Cross,  
 Rush on her in a Throng, and close her round,  
 The Prisoner of Amaze !---In his blest *Life*,

I see

I see the *Path*, and in his *Death*, the *Price*,  
And in his great *Ascent*, the *Proof* Supreme  
Of Immortality.---- And did he rise ?  
Hear, O ye Nations ! hear it, O ye Dead !  
He rose ! he rose ! he burst the Bars of Death.  
Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates !  
And give the King of Glory to come in :  
Who is the King of Glory ? He who left  
His Throne of Glory, for the Pang of Death :  
Lift up your Heads, ye everlasting Gates !  
And give the King of Glory to come in.  
Who is the King of Glory ? He who slew  
The ravenous Foe, that gorg'd all human Race !  
The King of Glory, He, whose Glory fill'd  
Heaven with Amazement at his Love to Man ;  
And with Divine Complacency beheld  
*Powers* most illumin'd wilder'd in the Theme.



The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain ?  
 Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!  
 Last Gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and  
 This *Sum of Good*, to Man : Whose Nature, <sup>Heaven !</sup> *then*,  
 Took Wing, and mounted with Him from the Tomb?  
 Then, then, I rose ; then first Humanity  
 Triumphant past the Crystal Ports of Light,  
 (Stupendous Guest !) and seiz'd eternal Youth,  
 Seiz'd in our Name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous  
 To call Man mortal. Man's Mortality  
 Was, then, transfer'd to Death ; and Heaven's Du-  
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail Frame, <sup>ration</sup>  
 This Child of Dust.---Man, all-immortal ! Hail ;  
 Hail, Heaven ! all-lavish of strange Gifts to Man !  
 Thine all the Glory ; Man's the boundless Bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant Theme,  
 On Christian Joy's exulting wing, above

Th'

Th' *Aonian* Mount?---Alas, small Cause for Joy!  
What if to Pain, immortal? If Extent  
Of Being, to preclude a Close of Woe?  
Where, then, my boast of Immortality? —  
I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with Guilt;  
For Guilt, not Innocence, His Life He pour'd;  
'Tis Guilt alone can justify His Death;  
Nor that, unless His Death can justify  
Relenting Guilt in Heaven's indulgent Sight.  
If sick of Folly, I relent; He writes  
My Name in Heaven, with that inverted Spear  
(A Spear deep-dipt in Blood!) which pierc'd his Side,  
And open'd there a Font for all Mankind  
Who strive, who combat Crimes, to drink, and live:  
*This*, only *this* subdues the *Fear of Death*.

And what is *This*?---Survey the wond'rous Cure:  
And at each Step, let higher Wonder rise!  
“ Pardon for infinite Offence! and Pardon

- “ Thro’ Means, that speak its Value infinite !  
“ A Pardon bought with Blood ! with Blood Divine !  
“ With Blood Divine of Him, I made my Foe !  
“ Persisted to provoke ! tho’ woo’d, and aw’d,  
“ Blest, and chastiz’d, a flagrant Rebel still !  
“ A Rebel ’midst the Thunders of his Throne !  
“ Nor I alone ! a Rebel Universe !  
“ My Species up in Arms ! not One exempt !  
“ Yet for the foulest of the Foul, He dies.  
“ Most joy’d, for the Redeem’d from deepest Guilt !  
“ As if our Race was held of highest Rank ;  
“ And Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man !”

Bound every Heart ! and every Bosom burn !  
Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here !  
Its lowest Round, high-planted on the Skies ;  
Its tow’ring Summit lost beyond the Thought  
Of Man, or Angel : Oh that I could climb

The



The wonderful Ascent, with equal Praise !  
*Praise* ! flow for ever, (if Astonishment  
Will give thee Leave) my Praise ! for ever flow ;  
Praise Ardent, Cordial, Constant, to High Heaven  
More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd ;  
And all her spicy Mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *Praise* descend  
With her soft Plume, (from plausive Angels wing  
First pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal Ears,  
Thus diving in the Pockets of the Great ?  
Is *Praise* the Perquisite of every Paw,  
Tho' black as Hell, that grapples well for Gold ?  
Oh love of Gold ! thou meanest of Amours !  
Shall *Praise* her Odours waste, on *Virtue's* dead,  
Embalm the Base, perfume the Stench of Guilt,  
Earn dirty Bread, by washing Æthiops fair,  
Removing Filth, or sinking it from sight,  
A Scavenger in Scenes, where vacant Posts,

Like Gibbets yet untenanted, expect  
Their future Ornaments? From Courts, and Thrones  
Return, apostate *Praise*! Thou Vagabond!  
Thou Prostitute! to thy first Love return,  
Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd Theme.

There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,  
Back to thy Fountain; to that parent Power,  
Who gives the Tongue to sound, the Thought to soar,  
The Soul to *Be*. Men homage pay to Men,  
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful Eye they bow  
In mutual Awe profound, of Clay to Clay,  
Of Guilt to Guilt, and turn their Backs on Thee,  
Great Sire! whom Thrones celestial ceaseless sing;  
To prostrate Angels, an amazing Scene!  
Oh the Presumption, of Man's Awe for Man!  
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!  
Thine, All; Day thine, and thine this gloom of *Night*,  
With all her Wealth, with all her radiant Worlds:

What,



What, Night eternal, but a Frown from Thee?  
What, Heaven's meridian Glory, but Thy Smile?  
And shall not *Praise* be Thine? not Human Praise?  
While Heaven's high Host on *Hallelujahs* live?

Oh may I breath, no longer, than I breath  
My Soul in praise to him, who gave my Soul,  
And all her Infinite of Prospect fair,  
Cut thro' the Shades of Hell, great Love! by Thee  
Oh most adorable! most unador'd!  
Where shall that Praise begin, which ne'er should end?  
Where'er I turn, what Claim on all Applause?  
How is *Night's* fable Mantle labour'd o'er,  
How richly wrought, with Attributes divine?  
What *Wisdom* shines? what *Love*? This midnight  
This gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlay'd;  
Built with divine Ambition! nought to Thee;  
For Others this Profusion: Thou, apart,  
Above, Beyond! oh tell me, mighty Mind!



Where art thou ? shall I dive into the *Deep* ?  
 Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *Winds*,  
 For their Creator ? shall I question loud  
 The *Thunder*, if in that th'Almighty dwells ?  
 Or holds He furious *Storms* in streighten'd Reins,  
 And bids fierce *Whirlwinds* wheel his rapid Carr ?

What mean these Questions ?--trembling I retract;  
 My prostrate Soul adores the *present* God ;  
 Praise I a distant Deity ? He tunes  
 My Voice (if tun'd;) the Nerve, that writes, sustains;  
 Wrap'd in his Being, I resound his Praise :  
 But tho' past *All* diffus'd, without a Shore,  
 His Essence ; *local* is His Throne, (as meet)  
 To gather the Dispers'd (as Standards call  
 The Lifted from afar) to fix a Point,  
 A central Point, collective of his Sons,  
 Since finite, ev'ry Nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose Nod is *Nature's* Birth ;  
And *Nature's* Shield, the Shadow of his Hand ;  
Her Diffolution, his suspended Smile ;  
The great *First-Last* ! pavilion'd high he sits  
In Darkness, from excessive Splendor, born,  
By Gods unseen, unless, through Lustre lost.  
His Glory, to created Glory, bright,  
As that, to central Horrors ; He looks down  
On All that soars ; and spans Immensity.

Tho' *Night* unnumber'd Worlds unfolds to view,  
Boundless Creation ! what art thou ? a Beam,  
A meer Effluvium of his Majesty :  
And shall an Atom of this Atom-World,  
Mutter in Dust, and Sin, the Theme of Heaven ?  
Down to the Center shou'd I send my Thought,  
Thro' Beds of glittering Ore, and glowing Gems,  
Their beggar'd Blaze, wants Lustre for my Lay ;

Goes

Goes out in Darkneſs : If, on tow'ring Wing,  
I ſend it thro' the boundleſs Vault of Stars;  
The Stars, tho' rich, what Droſs their Gold to *Thee*,  
Great ! Good ! Wiſe ! Wonderful ! Eternal King ?  
If to thoſe *conſcious Stars* thy Throne around,  
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing Blifs,  
And aſk their Strain; They want it, more they want;  
Poor, their Abundance, humble their Sublime,  
Languid their Energy, their Ardor cold,  
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt Rapture burns;  
Short of its Mark, Defective, tho' Divine.

Still more--This Theme is Man's, and Man's alone;  
Their vaſt Appointments reach it not ; They ſee  
On Earth a Bounty, not indulg'd on high ;  
And downward look for Heaven's ſuperior Praiſe !  
Firſt-born of *Æther* ! high in Fields of Light !  
View Man, to ſee the Glory of your God !  
Cou'd Angels envy, they had envy'd here ;

And



And some did envy ; and the rest, tho' Gods,  
Yet still Gods *unredeem'd*, (there triumphs Man,  
Tempted to weigh the Dust against the Skies)  
They less wou'd feel, tho' more adorn, my Theme.  
They sung *Creation*, (for in that they shar'd)  
How rose in Melody, the Child of Love ?  
*Creation's* great Superior, Man ! is thine ;  
Thine is *Redemption* ; They just gave the Key,  
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the Song ;  
Tho' human, yet divine ; for shou'd not *this*  
Raise Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs *here* ?  
*Redemption* ! 'twas Creation more Sublime ;  
*Redemption* ! 'twas the Labour of the Skies ;  
Far more than Labour----It was Death in Heaven.  
A Truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;  
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

*Here* pause, and ponder : Was there Death in  
Heaven ?  
What then on Earth ? On Earth which struck the  
Blow ?  
Who

Who struck it? Who? --- O how is Man enlarg'd  
Seen thro' this Medium? How the Pigmy tow'rs?  
How counterpois'd his Origin from Dust?  
How counterpois'd, to Dust his sad Return?  
How voided his vast Distance from the Skies?  
How near he presses on the Seraph's Wing?  
Which is the Seraph? Which the Born of Clay?  
How This demonstrates, thro' the thickest Cloud  
Of Guilt, and Clay condens't, the Son of Heaven?  
The double Son; the Made, and the Re-made;  
And shall Heaven's double Property be lost?  
Man's double Madness only can destroy.  
To Man the bleeding Cross has promis'd all;  
The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal Grace;  
Who gave his Life, what Grace shall He deny?  
O ye! who from this *Rock of Ages*, leap  
Disdainful, plunging headlong in the Deep!  
What cordial Joy, what Consolation strong  
Whatever Winds arise, or Billows rowl,

Our



Our Interest in the Master of the Storm?  
Cling there, and in wreck'd Nature's Ruins smile;  
While vile Apostates tremble in a Calm.

Man! Know thyself; all Wisdom centers there:  
To none Man seems ignoble, but to Man;  
Angels that Grandeur, Men o'erlook, admire:  
How long shall Human Nature be Their Book,  
Degenerate Mortal! and unread by Thee?  
The Beam dim Reason sheds shows Wonders There;  
What High Contents? Illustrious Faculties?  
But the grand *Comment*, which displays at full  
Our human Height, scarce sever'd from Divine,  
By Heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*!

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself  
An awful Stranger, a Terrestrial God?  
A glorious Partner with the Deity  
In that high Attribute, immortal Life?



If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a Worm :  
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting Soul  
Catches strange Fire, Eternity ! at thee,  
And drops the World --- or rather, more enjoys :  
How chang'd the Face of Nature ? how improv'd ?  
What seem'd a Chaos, shines a glorious World,  
Or, what a World, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !  
It is another Scene ! another Self !  
And still another, as Time rolls along,  
And that a *Self* far more illustrious still.  
Beyond long Ages, yet roll'd up in Shades,  
Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest Ray,  
What Evolutions of surprizing Fate ?  
How Nature opens, and receives my Soul  
In boundless Walks of raptur'd Thought ? Where  
Encounter, and embrace me ! What new Births <sup>Gods</sup>  
Of strange Adventure, foreign to the Sun,  
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,  
Old *Time*, and fair *Creation*, are forgot ?

Is this extravagant ? of Man we form  
Extravagant Conception ; to be just :  
Conception unconfin'd wants Wing to reach him :  
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.  
*He*, the great Father ! kindled at one Flame  
The World of Rationals ; one Spirit pour'd  
From Spirits awful Fountain ; pour'd Himself  
Thro' all their Souls ; but not in equal Stream,  
Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,  
As his wise Plan demanded ; and when past  
Their various Trials, in their various Spheres,  
If they continue Rational, as made,  
Reforbs them all into Himself again ;  
His Throne their Center, and his smile their Crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious Truth to sing,  
Tho' yet unsung, as deem'd perhaps too bold ?  
Angels are men of a superior Kind ;

Angels are Men in lighter Habit clad,  
 High o'er celestial Mountains wing'd in Flight ;  
 And Men are Angels, loaded for an Hour,  
 Who wade this miry Vale, and climb with Pain,  
 And slippery Step, the Bottom of the Steep :  
 Angels their Failings, Mortals have their Praise ;  
 While *Here* of Corps Etherial, such enroll'd,  
 And summon'd to the Glorious Standard soon,  
 Which flames eternal Crimson thro' the Skies.  
 Nor are our *Brothers* thoughtless of their Kin,  
 Yet absent ; but not absent from their Love.  
*Michael* has fought our Battles ; *Raphael* sung  
 Our Triumphs ; *Gabriel* on our Errands flown ;  
 Sent by the *Sovereign* : And are these, O Man !  
 Thy Friends, thy warm Allies ? and Thou (Shame  
 The Cheek to Cynder) Rival to the Brute ?  
burn

*Religion's* All. Descending from the Skies  
 To wretched Man, the Goddess in her Left

Hold's



Holds out *this* World, and in her Right, the *next* ;  
*Religion!* the sole Voucher Man is Man ;  
Supporter sole of Man above himself ;  
Even in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death,  
She gives the Soul a Soul that acts a God.  
Religion ! Providence ! an After-State !  
*Here* is firm Footing ; here is solid Rock ;  
This can support us ; all is Sea besides,  
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.  
His Hand the good Man fastens on the Skies,  
And bids Earth rowl, nor feels her idle Whirl.

As when a Wretch, from thick, polluted Air,  
Darkness, and Stench, and suffocating Damps,  
And Dungeon Horrors, by kind Fate, discharg'd,  
Climbs some fair Eminence, where Ether pure  
Surrounds him, and Elysian Prospects rise,  
His Heart exults, his Spirits cast their Load,

As if new-born, he triumphs in the Change ;  
 So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,  
 And sordid Sweets, from Feculence and Froth  
 Of Ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts,  
 To Reason's Region, her own Element,  
 Breaths Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.

Religion ! thou the Soul of Happiness ;  
 And groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* shine  
 The noblest Truths ; *there* strongest Motives sting !  
 There, sacred Violence assaults the Soul ;  
 There, nothing but *Compulsion* is forborn.  
 Can Love allure us ? or can Terror awe ?  
*He* weeps !--- the falling Drop puts out the Sun ;  
*He* sighs !---the Sigh Earth's deep Foundation shakes.  
 If, in his Love, so terrible, what then  
 His Wrath inflam'd ? his Tenderneſs on Fire ?  
 Like soft, ſmooth Oyl, outblazing other Fires ?  
 Can Prayer, can Praise avert it ?--- Thou, my *All* !

My



My Theme ! my Inspiration ! and my Crown !  
 My Strength in Age ! my Rise in low Estate !  
 My Soul's Ambition, Pleasure, Wealth !---my World !  
 My Light in Darkness ! and my Life in Death !  
 My Boast thro' Time ! Bliss thro' Eternity !  
 Eternity, too short to speak thy Praise !  
 Or fathom thy Profound of Love to Man !  
 To Man, of Men the meanest, even to me ;  
 My Sacrifice ! my God !---what things are These !

What then art Thou ? by what Name shall I call  
 Thee ?  
 Knew I the Name devout Arch-angels use,  
 Devout Arch-angels shou'd the Name enjoy,  
 By me unrival'd ; Thousands more sublime,  
 None half so dear, as that, which tho' unspoke,  
 Still glows at Heart ; O how Omnipotence  
 Is lost in Love ? Thou great *Philanthropist* !  
 Father of Angels ! but the the Friend of Man !  
 Like *Jacob*, fondest of the younger born !



Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoaking Brand  
From out the Flames, and quench it in thy Blood !  
How art Thou pleas'd, by Bounty to distress ?  
To make us groan beneath our Gratitude,  
Too big for Birth ? to favour, and confound ?  
To challenge, and to distance, all Return ?  
Of lavish Love stupendous Heights to soar,  
And leave Praise panting in the distant Vale ?  
Thy Right too great defrauds Thee of Thy Due ;  
And sacrilegious our sublimest Song.  
But since the naked *Will* obtains thy Smile,  
Beneath this Monument of Praise *unpaid*,  
And future Life symphonious to my Strain,  
(That noblest Hymn to Heaven !) for ever lye  
Intomb'd my *Fear of Death* ! and every Fear,  
The Dread of every Evil, but thy Frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?  
Laughter a Labour, and might break their rest.

Ye

Ye Quietists, in Homage to the Skies !  
Serene! of soft Address! who mildly make  
An unobtrusive Tender of your Hearts,  
Abhorring Violence ! who *halt* indeed  
But for the Blessing, *wrestle* not with Heaven !  
Think you my Song, too turbulent? too warm?  
Are *Passions* then, the Pagans of the Soul?  
*Reason* alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*  
To touch Things sacred?---Oh for warmer still!  
Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Pow'rs;  
Oh for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song!  
Thou, my much injur'd Theme! with that soft Eye  
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look  
Compassion to the Coldness of my Breast;  
And Pardon to the Winter in my Strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formalists!  
On such a Theme, 'tis impious to be calm;  
Passion is Reason, Transport Temper *here*;



Shall Heaven which gave us Ardor, and has shewn  
Her own for Man so strongly, not disdain  
What smooth Emollients in Theology,  
Recumbent Virtue's downy Doctors preach,  
That Prose of Piety, a lukewarm Praise?  
Rise Odours sweet from Incense uninflam'd?  
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;  
But when it glows, its Heat is struck to Heaven;  
To human Hearts her golden Harps are strung;  
High Heaven's *Orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to Man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, Their distant Strain,  
Sweet to the Soul, and tasting strong of Heaven,  
Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* Plume,  
Thro' the vast Spaces of the Universe,  
To cheer me, in this melancholy Gloom?  
Oh when will *Death*, (now stingleſs) like a Friend,  
Admit me of their Choir? Oh when will *Death*,  
This mould'ring, old, Partition-Wall thrown down,  
Give



Give Beings, one in Nature, one Abode?  
Oh Death divine ! that gives us to the Skies.  
Great *Future* ! glorious Patron of the *Past*,  
And *Present* ! when shall I thy Shrine adore ?  
From Nature's *Continent* immensely wide,  
Immensely blest, this little *Isle of Life*,  
This dark, incarcerating *Colony*,  
Divides us. Happy Day ! that breaks our Chain ;  
That manumits ; that calls from Exile home ;  
That leads to Nature's great *Metropolis*,  
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian Hand  
Of elder Brothers, to our Father's Throne ;  
Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his Wounds  
Beholding Man, allows *that* tender Name.  
'Tis this makes *Christian Triumph*, a Command :  
'Tis this makes Joy a *Duty* to the Wife ;  
'Tis impious, in a good Man, to be sad.

See'st thou *Lorenzo* ! where hangs all our Hope ?  
 Touch'd by the *Cross* we live ; or, *more* than die ;  
 That *Touch* which touch'd not Angels ; more divine  
 Than that, which touch'd Confusion into Form,  
 And Darkness into Glory : Partial *Touch* !  
 Ineffably pre-eminent Regard !  
 Sacred to Man, and Sovereign thro' the whole  
 Long golden Chain of Miracles, which hangs  
 From Heaven thro' all Duration, and supports  
 In one illustrious, and amazing Plan,  
 Thy Welfare, *Nature* ! and thy God's Renown ;  
 That *Touch*, with charm celestial, heals the Soul  
 Diseas'd, drives Pain from Guilt, Lights Life in Death,  
 Turns Earth to Heaven; to heavenly Thrones trans-  
 The ghastly Ruins of the mould'ring Tomb. <sup>forms</sup>

Do'st ask me when ? when *He* who dy'd returns;  
 Returns, how chang'd ? where *then* the man of Woe?

In



In Glory's terrors all the Godhead burns ;  
And all his Courts exhausted by the Tide  
Of Deities triumphant in his Train,  
Leave a stupendous Solitude in Heaven ;  
Replenisht soon ; replenisht with encrease  
Of Pomp, and Multitude ; a radiant Band  
Of Angels new ; of Angels from the Tomb.

Is this by Fancy thrown remote ? and rise  
Dark Doubts between the Promise, and Event ?  
I send thee not to Volumes for thy Cure ;  
Read Nature ; Nature is a Friend to Truth ;  
Nature is Christian, preaches to Mankind ;  
And bids dead matter aid us in our Creed.  
Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming Flight ?  
Th' illustrious Stranger passing, Terror sheds  
On gazing Nations, from his fiery Train  
Of length enormous ; takes his ample Round  
Thro' Depths of Ether ; coasts unnumber'd Worlds,  
Of



Of more than solar Glory ; doubles wide  
Heaven's mighty Cape, and then revivits Earth,  
From the long Travel of a thousand Years.  
Thus, at the destin'd Period, shall return  
*He*, once on Earth, who bids the Comet blaze ;  
And with Him all our Triumph o'er the Tomb.

*Nature* is dumb on this important Point ;  
Or Hope precarious in low Whisper breaths :  
*Faith* speaks aloud, distinct ; even *Adders* hear,  
But turn, and dart into the Dark again.  
*Faith* builds a Bridge across the Gulph of Death,  
To break the Shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,  
And lands Thought smoothly on the farther Shore.  
Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes ;  
That Mountain Barrier between Man and Peace.  
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction ; and absolves  
From every clamorous Charge, the guiltless Tomb.

Why

Why disbelieve? *Lorenzo*!---- "*Reason* bids,  
" All-sacred Reason."--- Hold her sacred still;  
Nor shalt Thou want a Rival in thy Flame:  
All-sacred *Reason*! Source, and Soul, of all  
Demanding Praise, on Earth, or Earth above!  
My Heart is Thine: Deep in its inmost Folds,  
Live Thou with Life; live dearer of the Two.  
Wear I the blessed Cross, by Fortune Stamp'd  
On passive Nature, before Thought was born?  
My Birth's blind Bigot! fir'd with *local* Zeal!  
No; *Reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult;  
Weigh'd True and False in her impartial Scale;  
My Heart became the Convert of my Head;  
And made that Choice, which once was but my Fate.  
" On Argument alone my Faith is built:"  
*Reason* pursu'd is *Faith*; and unpursu'd  
Where Proof invites, 'tis Reason, then, no more:  
And such our *Proof*, that, or our *Faith* is *right*,



Or *Reason* lies, and Heaven design'd it *wrong* :  
Absolve we This? What, then, is Blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *Faith*,  
*Reason*, we grant, demands our First Regard,  
The Mother honour'd, as the Daughter dear ;  
*Reason* the Root, fair *Faith* is but the Flow'r ;  
The fading Flower shall die ; But *Reason* lives  
Immortal, as her Father in the Skies.  
When *Faith* is Virtue, *Reason* makes it so.  
Wrong not the Christian, think not *Reason* *yours* ;  
'Tis *Reason* our great *Master* holds so dear ;  
'Tis *Reason*'s injur'd Rights His Wrath resents ;  
'Tis *Reason*'s Voice obey'd His Glories crown ;  
To give lost *Reason* Life, He pour'd his own :  
Believe, and show the Reason of a Man ;  
Believe, and taste the Pleasure of a God ;  
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb :  
Thro' *Reason*'s Wounds alone, thy *Faith* can die ;  
Which



Which dying, tenfold Terror gives to Death,  
And dips in *Venom* his twice-mortal Sting.

Learn hence what Honours, what loud *Pæans* due  
To those, who push our *Antidote* aside ;  
Those boasted Friends to *Reason*, and to *Man*,  
Whose fatal Love stabs every Joy, and leaves  
Death's Terror heighten'd gnawing on his Heart.  
These pompous Sons of *Reason* Idoliz'd,  
And Vilify'd at once ; of Reason dead,  
Then Deify'd, as Monarchs were of old,  
What Conduct plants proud Laurels on their Brow ?  
While *Love of Truth* thro' all their Camp resounds,  
They draw *Pride's* Curtain o'er the Noon-tide Ray,  
Spike up their Inch of Reason, on the Point  
Of Philosophic Wit, call'd Argument,  
And then exulting in their Taper, cry,  
“ Behold the Sun :” And *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *Morals*? O thou bleeding Love!  
 Thou Maker of *new* *Morals* to Mankind!  
 The grand Morality is Love of Thee.  
 As wise as *Socrates*, if such they were,  
 (Nor will they bate of that sublime Renown)  
*As wise as Socrates*, might justly stand  
 The Definition of a modern Fool :  
 A *Christian* ! --- 'Tis the highest Stile of Man.  
 And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off  
 As a foul Blot, from his dishonour'd Brow ?  
 If Angels tremble, 'tis at such a Sight :  
 The Wretch they quit, desponding of their Charge,  
 More struck with Grief or Wonder, who can tell?

Ye fold to Sense! ye Citizens of Earth!  
 (For such alone the Christian Banner fly)  
 Know ye how wise your Choice, how great your Gain?  
 Behold the Picture of Earth's happiest Man :

“ He

“ He calls his Wish, it comes; he sends it back,  
“ And says, he call'd another ; That arrives,  
“ Meets the same Welcome ; yet he still calls on ;  
“ Till One calls him, who varies not his Call,  
“ But holds him fast, in Chains of Darkness bound,  
“ Till Nature dies, and Judgment sets him free ;  
“ A Freedom, far less welcome than his Chain.”

But grant Man Happy ; grant him Happy long ;  
Add to Life's highest Prize her latest Hour ;  
That Hour so late, is nimble in Approach,  
That, like a Post, comes on in full Career ;  
How swift the Shuttle flies, that weaves thy Shroud ?  
Where is the Fable of thy former Years ?  
Thrown down the Gulph of Time ; as far from Thee  
As they had ne'er been Thine ; the Day in Hand,  
Like a Bird struggling to get loose, is going ;  
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;  
And each swift Moment fled, is Death advanc'd



By Strides as swift: Eternity is All;  
And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?  
Bathing for ever in the Font of Bliss!  
For ever basking in the Deity!

*Lorenzo!* who?---Thy Conscience shall reply,

O give it Leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,  
Thy Leave unaskt: *Lorenzo!* hear it now,  
While useful its Advice, its Accent mild,  
By the great Edict, by divine Decree,  
*Truth* is deposited with Man's *last Hour*;  
An honest Hour, and faithful to her Trust.  
*Truth*, eldest Daughter of the Deity;  
*Truth*, of his Council, when he made the Worlds,  
Nor less, when he shall judge the Worlds he made;  
Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,  
Smother'd with Errors, and oppress'd with Toys,  
That Heaven-commission'd Hour no sooner calls,  
But from her Cavern in the Soul's Abyss,

Like

Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,  
The Goddess bursts in Thunder, and in Flame ;  
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.  
Dark *Dæmons* I discharge, and *Hydra*-stings,  
The keen Vibrations of bright *Truth*---is Hell :  
Just Definition ! tho' by Schools untaught.  
Ye Deaf to Truth ! peruse this parson'd Page,  
And trust, for once, a Prophet, and a Priest,  
“ Men may live Fools, but Fools they cannot die.”

F I N I S.







